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NORTHWEST PASAD



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VOLUME 8 NUMBER 5

december 18, 1972 - january 7, 1973

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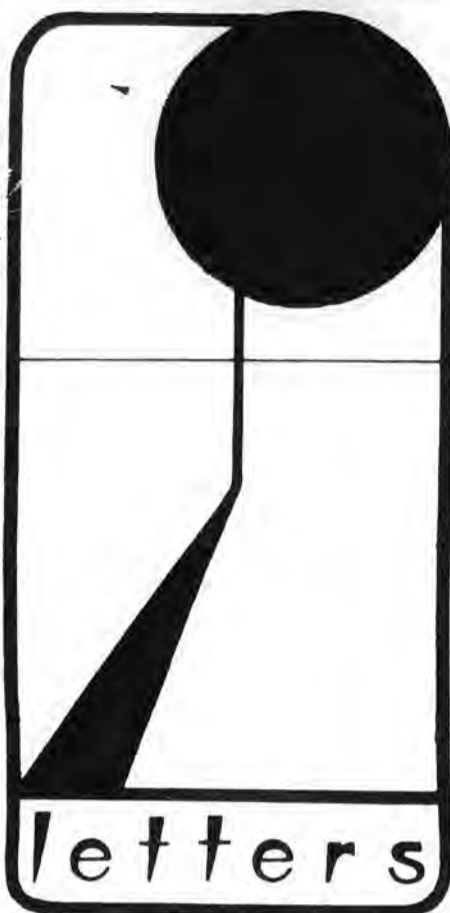
PRINCE THUNDERBIRD

In this issue:
the story of the killings at s.u.

wood-carving

natural dyes

human medicine



Hard Core

Hard core ecotage Northwest Passage:

Re: Vol 8, No. 2, "For Want of a Nail," Schwartz Waelder.

Everyone who takes it upon himself to give out information must take the responsibility to make sure they ARE facts and not merely an outflow of their own ego.

Areas of expertise overlap. When you read for information and find an error presented as a fact, you have no choice but to throw out, or at least distrust, the whole article.

Anyone who has used a chain saw has had the experience of sawing through pieces of iron many times the size of a six-penny nail with hardly noticeable damage.

There are, however, nails on the market intended for driving into concrete! They are specially hardened steel and I would very definitely not want to hit one with my chain saw.

Mr. Schwartz Waelder—you give forth with baloney. yours,
name withheld by request
Waldron, Washington

NCLC on Zero Growth

Editor:

Response to the Jackie Abbott and Patricia Coburn letters. (Dec. 4-18).

Their criticisms of the National Caucus of Labor Committee's (NCLC) view on the subject of Zero-Growth in general focus on misspellings or not being nice, etc. Where the content of those views is confronted by the letter writers, or in our debates with Zero-Growth advocates throughout the nation, essential questions are pushed aside and our views are confirmed. Rather than pick the two letters apart, I'll merely summarize the NCLC view on the question.

1. The capitalist system is rapidly entering a depression—one that will prove to be worse than the thirties.

2. As in Germany and Italy in the thirties, the only way to save capitalist property titles is through fascism, this time on a world-wide scale.

3. Fascism is a mass anti-working class movement, recruited from the demoralized and alienated sectors of capitalist society, who blame the working class for the social deterioration caused by economic breakdown just as the folk and back to nature movement of pre-Nazi Germany did. Another important aspect of fascism is the radical, anti-capitalist facade it puts forth.

4. Fascism will carry out the policies the capitalist class must implement, i.e., austerity. That means a lowering of the standard of living, service cuts, wage-cuts, cut-backs in production, lowering of productive consumption, and the final solution to the welfare problem—eliminate the "surplus population."

5. The needs of the capitalist class in this period correspond remarkably with the program of Zero-Growth. The funding of the study "Limits to Growth" by the Volkswagen Foundation and Italconsult is not an accident. Rockefeller's support of Zero-Growth is no accident, either. Nor are Lindsay's Zero-Growth welfare policies in New York City. Individual capitalists may make noise about "what kind of economics is that—Zero Growth," but the more "farsighted" capitalist policy-makers know why they are pushing for Zero-Growth ideology.

6. Zero Growth is a fascist program and its adherents are Potential fascists and/or tools of fascism. John Landahl, a member of the national board of directors of ZPG and local organizer for ZPG in Seattle, made this point very clear recently in a debate with us at the University of Washington. After admitting that the ZG movement does have a lot of fascist potential to it, he later said "If there had been any well-intentioned (sic) fascists around with a lot of money, we would have been happy to see them." (UW Daily, Nov. 28, 1972.)

7. The NCLC exposure campaign of the ZG movement being carried out nationally has the aim of nipping in the bud this fascist threat. WE do not deny the ecological crisis but insist that the crisis be identified for what it is—capitalist looting of nature and productive plant and equipment. And the solution is not the further looting of nature and society, which in essence is what ZG proposes, but investment of social capital in new technologies needed to overcome capitalist's limits to growth. This cannot be done under capitalism. The alternative we propose is socialism. Socialism will be free from the fetters of the capitalist property title and thus able to pay the constant capital costs of repairing and maintaining nature in addition to making the investments, for example, in the development of fusion power.

The NCLC will continue to confront the ZG'ers at every opportunity. If ZG'ers honestly believe the substance of their views is worth defending then they will welcome these confrontations, not with complaints about style or technicalities, but will deal with the real issues involved.

The NCLC has published extensive articles on Zero-Growth, the ecology crisis, and fusion power. They are available for little cost.

Pat Ruckert
NCLC
2107 N. 75th Street
Seattle
La 5-3665, EA 9-5791

RBHDRST on Zero Growth

Northwest Passage:

The controversy over Zero Growth has aroused the concern of all red-blooded, hot-dog, revolutionary socialists. My own group, the Red Blooded Hot Dog Revolutionary Socialist Front (RBHDRSF) has, naturally, expounded the only correct position. Concretely, our position is as follows.

It is only under capitalism that the perpetual growth of production will prove impossible. The Revolution will immediately provide new possibilities. One of these will be the generation of heat energy out of pure invective, in accordance with the principles of Marxism-Leninism-Exhibitionism. (Our comrades of the NCLC are already experimenting with prototype devices.) Another will be the dispersal of pollutants by reading the Thoughts of Chairman Mao at them.

Moreover, the socialist transformation of industry will open the way for even more Revolutionary programs, including the creation of matter and energy out of nothing, the flow of heat from lower to higher temperatures, and the fabrication of perpetual motion machines. Friends of the Earth and other proto-fascist lumpen will no doubt cry that these programs violate the first and second laws of thermodynamics. However, these laws were promulgated by bourgeois scientists, such as Joule, Thomson and Clausius, whose research funds were provided by the capitalist class. (Anyone can check this point in the library.) It should be obvious that these so-called laws will no longer apply in a Soviet America.

In fact, the platform of the RBHDRSF calls for the immediate repeal of the laws of thermodynamics by the Supreme Soviet. Needless to say, once they are repealed by the Vanguard of the Proletariat these laws will become dialectically fascist, and then anyone who so much as mentions them will be identified as an enemy of the People and dealt with.

Jonathan Gallant
RBHDRSF

Venceremos in Prison

Venceremos in Prison Comrades and Friends:

On October 16, 1972, a member of Venceremos Organization, Ronald Wayne Beaty, was successfully liberated from Chino State Prison, in San Bernardino County, California. During the break, one prison guard was killed and another wounded, while there were evidently no casualties on the side of the liberators.

Since the escape, the FBI, State Correctional Authorities and local police have unleashed an intensive campaign to find Comrade Ron, through whatever means available to them. They have used the escape as an excuse to attack not only Venceremos but have also harassed and interrogated friends and comrades in legal projects, prison support groups and other mass organizations.

Venceremos has not been cowed by the increased repression nor have our comrades. "To be attacked by the

enemy is a good thing and not a bad thing," for it indicates that we are doing our work well. Both inside and outside the prisons, the state is attempting to strike back at revolutionaries who are organizing against the interest of the ruling class. And with each advance of the people, the state increases its frenzy. The current campaign is aimed at prison support groups which have been cut off from revolutionary prisoners and the inmates themselves who have been lined up, interrogated and harassed for information about Ron Beaty. Even attorneys have been approached by the FBI who are scavenging for information.

Despite the repression, the liberation of Ron Beaty is an event that should be rejoiced in by revolutionary people throughout the country. Ron is a proletarian internationalist who has struggled alongside the Black, Brown and white prisoners in San Quentin and Chino. He has earned the respect of fellow inmates as a revolutionary and the fear of the guards as a white man fighting on the side of the Third World peoples. His liberation is a clear-cut victory for the revolutionary movement which for so many years has cried, "Free All Political Prisoners!"

Because Venceremos truly believes that "We want all Third World, working class people and youth now imprisoned to be set free because the overwhelming majority of them have not been tried by their peers," we have been spreading the word of Comrade Ron's escape as far and wide as possible.

The state has already framed two comrades for the escape: One, Andrea Homan, a Venceremos member and the other Doug Burt, her fiance and an old friend of Ron's. Doug Burt had been in California's prisons for several years, had been a close friend of George Jackson and at Chino got to know Ron Beaty. When he was released he began working on a legal project to help Ron get released. While working on the case he got to know Andrea Holman and they started going out together. As soon as Ron escaped, the FBI began to hunt for Doug and also Andrea. Doug had been told that if a prisoner ever escaped from Chino that the guards would kill whoever they suspected before they got to trial. And yet as soon as an arrest warrant was issued for Doug and Andrea, they arranged to surrender themselves.

They are currently being held for trial, without bail, in San Bernardino County, being charged with murder and conspiracy. There isn't a shred of evidence to implicate them except Doug's friendship with Ron and their prison support work. In fact, the District Attorney, being unable to present a case in a preliminary hearing, was forced to drop charges, re-arrest the comrades and seek a Grand Jury indictment wherein the defense had no access to testimony or allegations. It is on the basis of this secret hearing that Doug and Andrea are being held for trial.

We hope that people will help us in making their case known, for we have learned time and time again that only the sharp eye of the people and support from the movement is capable of freeing comrades in political trials. And because of the escape itself, propaganda work around the trial of Doug and Andrea is full of important revolutionary content. Our weapon is solidarity, our might is in the people.

Hasta la Victoria Siempre
All Power to the People
Venceremos
East Palo Alto, California



Peace on Earth Please!



THE X-MAS Rush

This is supposed to be the season to be jolly. But there is so much irony to the whole thing, that I spend a good part of my time trying to figure out just how I should really feel. For one thing there is the annual issue of the commercialization of something which has no business being that way. But then come the larger feelings of cynicism and dislocation when I realize how all-pervasive is the tendency of people everywhere to want to forget reality, to escape into superficial, sentimentalized good will, into contrived holiday cheer, as the world turns ever on. It seems that no amount of Christmas spirit will ever make people realize that good will should exist all year round, and what makes Christmas so special anyway?

There is something typically "Western" about how the dominant set of religious beliefs becomes so pervasive that our whole society feels compelled to celebrate "Christmas," when there are a multitude of other cultures present in our society which are yearly forced to put up with the best-selling holiday of the year, whether they like it or not. Beneath the flood of Christmas carols and sales pitches which are delivered at an ever-increasing pitch from "Thanksgiving" on, it seems the real lessons of rebirth and renewal are lost in the shuffle.

As we face a New Year we are confronted with an almost routine refrain of problems, among them the impending coronation of King Richard, wars that wind ever onward, and an environment that erodes further into oblivion daily. Perhaps the only course of action we can follow in the coming months if we want to insure our survival is to continue to eradicate the roots of our powerlessness. Do it however you can.

This issue contains our usual blend of news and features. In the coming months, more than ever before we will need your help and participation to keep this newspaper going and growing. Together we can make it better.

N.V.V.

Local Boy Makes Bad

A short response to Bob Hicks's editorial in the Metropolitan concerning the co-op gardens demonstration:

Hicks's observations about the demonstration were set forth in a Metropolitan editorial entitled, "The Great Southside Folly". Hicks portrayed the protest as a foolish charade of mindless flower children. He repeatedly referred to the people involved as "scruffy hippies". He described a scene (the existence of which is questionable) in which a "hippie chick" surveyed the situation, exclaimed "Far Out!" and walked away. In the course of the editorial, reference was made to nearly all of the popular "hippie" stereotypes, including a cute joke about a "hippie spokesman" being someone who can talk to a straight person for more than five minutes, and then is called an "ego-tripper" by the other "scruffies".

Hicks's high-handed attitude toward those who participated in the protest was particularly offensive because Hicks was formerly an active member of the Fairhaven alternative community himself. Two years ago, Bob was down in the Southside helping us put out the Passage. And his hair was as long and his appearance as scruffy as anyone else. The dishonesty of the point of view from which Hicks wrote -- as a straight person for more than five minutes, and then is called an "ego-tripper" by the other "scruffies" -- is a dishonesty of which even the Herald cannot be accused.

Though the events of the day certainly warranted critical analysis, Hicks made no such attempt. From the leering tone of the editorial, it was obvious that Hicks sought only to strengthen his image with the straight community. His image-building came at the expense of honest evaluation. Nowhere was the concept of community control mentioned; nor was the fact that the intent of the demonstrators was to raise issues, rather than naively attempt to stop the bulldozer.

Soon after the first issue of the Metropolitan was published, the Passage ran a review criticising the paper for its blandness; noting its lack of coverage of the issues facing "metropolitan" Bellingham. Several months later, two members of the Passage staff stopped by Hicks's office. He asked if the time hadn't come to revise our opinion of the Metro.

Not just yet.

J.B.

Members of the community who put out the Passage this time are:

Dan Flammang
Jeannie Rossner
Bill Mitchell
Don Alford
Sharon Choisser
Jayne Jennings
Jim Massman
Curt Rowell
Mark Dumont
Dorothy Bird
Marga
Jersey Benz
Dean Brett
Anne and John
Cornplanter
Sharma
Jeff Kronenberg
Phil Jenkins
Vic

Sharon Allford
Nelamber
Thom Schultz
Scrooge
Jon Roanhaus
The Ghost of Christmas future
Deborah Pedersen
Roxanne Park
Garry Dufresne
Nita and Dave Fraser
Cooper Hart
Billy Patz
Nils von Veh
Marilyn Hoban
Richard Prior
Chuck Espey
Peggy Blum
Rick Kimball
Eden Alexander
Buck Meloy (on the road)

Gary MacDonald
Kirie Pedersen
George King
Tom Begnal
Mary Kay Becker
Karen Stern
Margaret Jaske
Ron Sorensen
Nely Gillette
Caroly Skyrn
Karen Engstrom
Roy Harvey
Terrane Wean
Pam Biery
Merl Collins
John Brockhaus
Pat Toth
Gary
Roxie

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Regular staff meetings are held at 7:30 pm on Tuesdays.

northwest passage

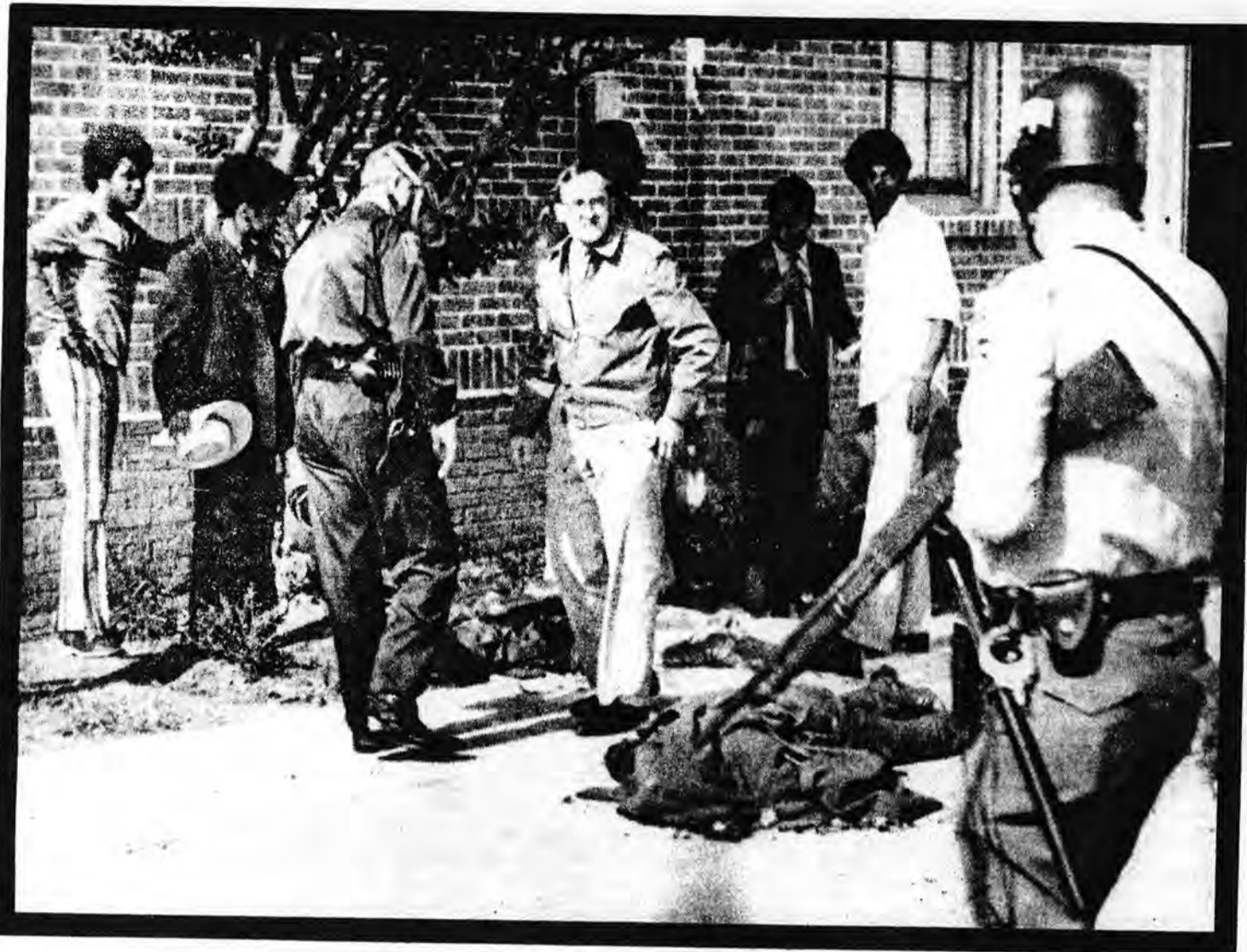
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northwest passage december 18, 1972 - january 7, 1973

Message from Louisiana:



A Promise, Not a Threat

by howard marks

(Editor's Note: Regretably this report on what transpired in Louisiana comes long after the fact. In the weeks that followed that event the facts seemed to be anywhere but on the surface. The following report reprinted from Boston's paper, the Boston Phoenix, is the most factual record of what transpired there, that I have come across.

NEW ORLEANS—In the newspapers all is quiet. The Attorney General of Louisiana has appointed a commission to make an orderly inquest into the killings at Southern University in Baton Rouge. The Governor of Louisiana hails settlement over student demands at Southern's New Orleans Branch (SUNO).

The two deaths in Baton Rouge could have attracted national attention to the student movement at Southern University. Instead, reporters filed daily reports of the Governor's contrary and self-contradictory press conferences. After a few days, the story was confused enough to drift into the back pages, and all was quiet in the newspapers.

The reporters largely ignored the unbearable situation at the SU system, and totally ignored the highly organized and militant struggle against that situation. This will not make either the conditions or the struggle disappear.

The State of Louisiana maintains two state university systems. Louisiana State University was established for white education, but now has about 11 percent non-white enrollment at the New Orleans branch (in a 46 percent black city) and somewhat less at Baton Rouge (the state is about 30 percent black).

Most black students attend the cheaper, poorly-endowed, 99 per cent black Southern University system. SU Baton Rouge (SUBR) was established at the beginning of the Jim Crow era, in 1890. SUNO was set up in 1959 to avoid race mixing at the newly established LSUNO. Both Southern branches are isolated. SUBR is in the industrial suburb of Scotlandville, crammed between an unfilled swamp, a railroad line, a chemical plant and the Mississippi River. SUNO is right next to LSUNO on the banks of Lake Ponchartrain, but it is a 25 minute drive from one campus to another, because there are no bridges on a railroad line which separates SUNO from the White campus, then continues to deny SUNO any access to the attractive lakefront. One irregular bus runs out to the SUNO campus. On the day this reporter took it, two students behind me were complaining about it being an hour late the day before.

The major student complaints at both campuses have always been about the inferior education at the "Jim Crow College" system. Charlene Hardnett, one of the arrested leaders at Baton Rouge explained, "Southern University has crippled many black people. They put out sisters and brothers that go out to get a job, and they can't get a job. You sit in a classroom. You're supposed to be learning. You get into an office with some white clerk that went to business school for six months, she's making twice what you're earning."

What education there is, seems to students to be dividing them from the black community as a whole. The SUNO manifesto notes, "The present system of education acts not to link but to divorce black students from their communities."

Barbara Allen, a SUNO student and community

organizer, also spoke about this: "The creators of the separate-but-equal system created false aspirations to divide us. They created individualism and with it unsurpassed black frustration. They placed individualism vs. cooperation, black vs. white, middle class vs. poor, and school administrators vs. students."

The struggle at Baton Rouge was activated by the forced resignation of Psychology Department head Whitehall. In his letter of resignation he noted administrative interference in his department, especially over the question of "black consciousness." Students contrasted this with the vigorous defense of SUNO psychology professor William Knapp by the administration there. Knapp, an alleged member of the American Nazi Party, was teaching the racial inferiority theories of Arthur Jensen until forced to resign this Fall by SUNO student protests.

Since then, Southern University president G. Leon Netterville has demanded the resignation of six more Baton Rouge professors, accusing them of aiding and abetting the student protests. George W. Baker, Assistant Professor of Engineering, was sacked for appearing before the State Board and arguing the students' cases. Dr. Joseph Johnson, chairman of the Physics Department, asked Dr. Netterville publicly to resign. He called the firings "A grotesque and perverted attempt to deflect blame for this massacre."

Students have countered by demanding the ousters of Netterville and SUNO head Dr. Emmitt W. Bashful. To make Southern relevant, the students have proposed control of academic matters by councils of students, faculty and administrators, in a 2:1:1 ration. That is, student control.

INEPT ADMINISTRATORS

Another series of student demands dealt with maladministration and corruption in the use of the funds that are available. The last seven years have seen ten new buildings on the Baton Rouge campus, built at a cost of 14 million dollars. But the fire extinguishers don't work. Neither campus has a doctor in attendance. There are neither bathtub stoppers nor recent books in the library. "We are tired of doing assignments in Tulane or LSUNO libraries," comments the SUNO *Observer*. All college students complain about bad food, but added to the list are complaints of inadequate study lighting, shredded mattresses, no mops, a bookstore lacking in "relevant material" to "the development of black consciousness." The situation is a racial insult to the students. Their detailed demands list incompetent instructors, inept administrators, and also specific remedies for these problems.

Even the few material strengths of the Southern system are denied the black community at large. Charlene Hardnett specified the Agriculture Department at SUBR, "Southern in Baton Rouge has a dairy, and they throw away milk while poor black people in Scotlandville don't have money to buy milk. Mothers are feeding babies off dried up titties." The treatment of campus workers is thus particularly galling to Southern students. The SUNO manifesto demanded higher wages for cafeteria workers, and placed this second only to the curriculum demands. On initiating the boycott, the SUNO student government voted to pay the salaries of campus workers out of SGA funds. In return, the cafeteria workers and janitors joined them on picket lines.

MERGER REBUFFED

Behind the struggle in the universities lies the question of merger. In answer to the acknowledged financial deficiencies of the Southern system, Governor Edwards and others have proposed that it be merged with the better-funded but white-dominated LSU system. Such groups as the NAACP have supported this position, but many students and some faculty members feel that this merger would eliminate such power as blacks now have in Louisiana education.

A faculty statement from SUNO, delivered by Professor Clyde Smith the day after the killings said, "We feel that Governor Edwards is retreating from the use of reason in letting political gain obscure the fact that the State Board of Education has not met its financial responsibility to SUNO or any of the black colleges in the state. We further believe that it was always in the Governor's plans to take over the state's black colleges, as in the movement around the country to eliminate black schools which serve as a source of black leaders."

Elsewhere in the South, mergers of segregated elementary and high school systems have resulted in massive layoffs of black teachers, who lack paper qualifications in many cases. The higher tuitions, white faculty judgments and discriminatory tests of the LSU system could also disqualify many black students from higher education after a merger.

As a strategic decision, Southern students have decided to fight for control of their segregated system, rather than fight for integration on their own terms. The results may be the most crucial test of the viability of black nationalism in the United States since the 1968-69 student strike at San Francisco State College. The implications for radical strategy in the next decade are staggering.

There is also a great deal to be learned from the tactics employed in the well-coordinated student strikes. Perhaps the high point was the end of the nine-day building occupation at New Orleans. The Governor had been issuing reports that there were guns in the building, obviously to prepare public opinion for a violent ouster of the students. The students brilliantly mobilized community supporters to ring the building in solidarity on the day of Edwards' ultimatum. The Governor was forced to yield the resignation of Bashful, head of the SUNO campus, and other points in order to get the students to leave, voluntarily, after the deadline. This victory was unreported nationally, played down locally, and quietly reversed by the State Board in a show of force after the killings five days later.

The issues had been discussed on both campuses since 1969, when SUNO students attracted statewide attention when they lowered the American flag and raised the red, black and green colors of black liberation in their place.

As early as last summer, students from all branches of the SU system met and agreed to support each other in struggle. This Fall the struggle began with the firing of Dr. Whitehall.

October 23—Whitehall fired. Baton Rouge meeting raises demands, presents same.

October 24—1000 SU students march on Baton Rouge Capitol to demand ouster of Netterville, begin class boycott.

October 27—One day solidarity strike at SUNO. List of SUNO grievances compiled, and committee of 33 elected to pursue them.

October 30—SUNO list presented with two day deadline, strike begins with statement by Dr. Bashful that he will not consider them.

October 31—Baton Rouge students march on Capitol again. Governor closes campus, and calls out 500 National Guard. 21 of 2475 students attend class at SUNO.



The Emperor's new clothes: Governor Edwards in his polka dot suit.

November 1—150 students take SUNO administrations building, beginning a nine day occupation (see box).

All telephones and busses to the campus are cut.

November 5—First mention of the struggle in New York Times. National Guard still patrolling deserted Baton Rouge campus.

November 6—Baton Rouge campus "reopened" for continued boycott. Flying squads of student protesters shut down sporadic classes with appeals for unity.

November 7—Governor Edwards appoints committee of 23 to negotiate with students. The committee includes all eight black members of Louisiana's 105-member state legislature. Also two whites. Governor sets two-day deadline for evacuation of SUNO administration building.

November 10—Students announce that boycott will continue on both campuses until both sets of demands are met.

November 13—500 Baton Rouge students confront Committee of 23 in SU gym.

November 15—Boycott weakening at BR, still solid at SUNO.

November 16—4 a.m. arrests of four SUBR leaders. Morning demonstration met by police. Two students killed. State Board of Education, meeting during and after the killings, refuses Bashful's resignation, votes confidence in Netterville, and dissolves negotiating committee of 23.

MYSTERIES

At this point, enter the national press. Don't let that word "press" fool you into thinking they came to cover the struggle at Southern or to report on the conditions there. The reporters came to Louisiana as they first came to Vietnam, to "report" whatever the government issues as a statement.

Well, everyone who watches Perry Mason knows that the people with the flimsiest stories never turn out to be guilty. Applying this principle in reverse, the Louisiana officials tossed up a series of silly mysteries that even a reporter could figure out in a day or two.

The Case of the Mysterious Trampling — Baton Rouge Sheriff Al Amiss told the first news conference that the victims' faces "looked swollen, as though they had been trampled," presumably by their fellow students. TV films of the incident show the two victims at the tail of a crowd running away from the police attack. They fell dead at the same time, with no one between them and the police line. They must have been trampled by invisible people.

The Case of the Infernal Machine — Baton Rouge Sheriff Amiss' story was immediately contradicted by coroner Hypolite Landry. Landry read a preliminary autopsy attributing death to "fragments of shrapnel or pellets, perhaps from a fragmentation grenade." This would once again have come from the students themselves. Two days later a journalistic genius checked the scene and discovered the only chipped wall on a direct line between police and the victims. A check on the autopsy revealed all wounds on the left sides of the respective bodies. An "exploding device" would have sent fragments in all directions.

The Case of the Missing Grenades — At this same first press conference, the Governor stated that the students had thrown the first projectile, one or possibly three smoke grenades. Where did they get them? They were some of the grenades reported stolen from campus security. A call to campus security to get the time of the alleged theft produced the answer, "never." Campus Security reported no grenades had been stolen.

The Case of the Inside Agitator — One of the bodies was quickly identified as Denver Smith, a computer science major and one of twelve children. His younger sister, also an SU student, was still in the administration building during the killings. The second body was not identified. The governor was sure the body could not be identified because it was

continued on page 23

Spirit

This is a traditional Northwest Indian Mask representing "Wild Man" of the woods. It was worn during dances and winter rituals when the spirits were closest to the earth. Wild Man is the same spirit as the more renowned Sasquatch. This mask was carved from red cedar by John Hendricks.

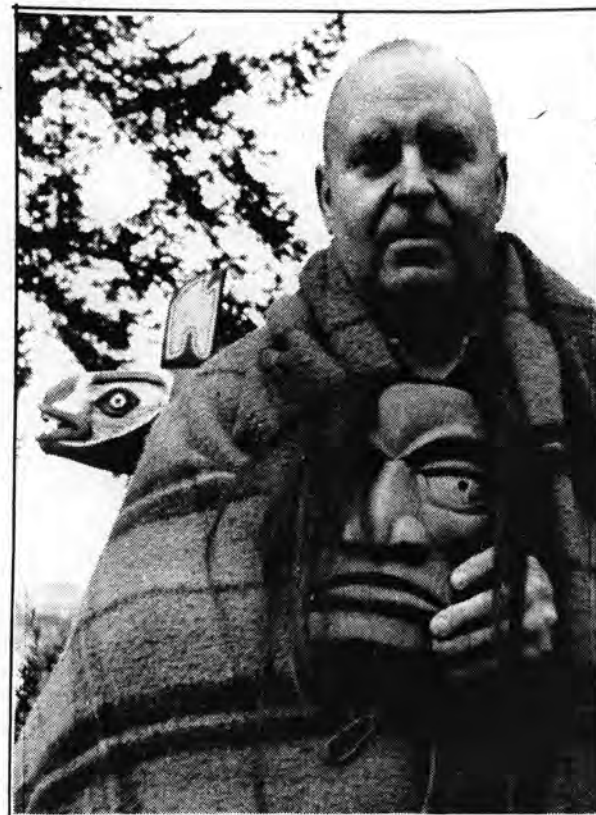


One day we went to visit John Hendricks and he was making buckskin moccasins. All the seams were tight. The leather was tanned. They were beautiful. They were just about finished except for the bead design he was sewing on the tongue part. He was working slowly. After every three beads together he pushed a stitch into the leather, but the stitch never penetrated through to the other side. He brought the needle out to catch three more beads. The stitched thread lay within the thickness of the leather. The inside of the moccasin remained completely smooth where the leather would touch the foot. This was the way the Indian had done it.

John Hendricks is a craftsman and artist of many mediums. He carves in wood, stone, and bone. He's a professional skinner and tanner. He's a painter, a taxidermist, and bookbinder, to name just some. Also, he's a great storyteller.

John Hendricks has studied Indian cultures for many years. He's familiar with their lifestyles and social systems. His enthusiasm for and accurate study of their history and folklore is manifested in the fine quality of his art.

We visited John Hendricks, saw many of his works and shared at least in part the excitement of their creation. The following is from a tape that we recorded while with him. In the conversation when he speaks of Indian cultures, he is referring to the Northwest Indian.



John Hendricks

by billy patz and corey morris

Photos by Billy Patz

I've whittled since I was ten years old, because during the depression they didn't have much, you know. Everytime you bought a pair of shoes you got a knife. I had a whole collection. I'd whittle stuff and trade it to the kids for knives... My greatest pleasure was to get out my stone and all my knives and sharpen and polish them all up...One time I had a good knife for about five years and then I lost it. It was about like losing my best friend. In the army they had a shaving brush and I'd take the wooden back and carve effigies of the tough old iron Sergeants...I think the reason why I have been interested and do carve is because I hate to see the thing die. It's only lately that young people and others have become interested in this sort of thing and it's beginning to come back. A great deal of my stuff is done from the old cultures. I like the old old culture before paint came. The old-timers carved like this, you can see the grain. When it gets polished and the grain comes out, the light colors, the dark colors, it has a texture to it that's unequalled in any paint...Most of the people who are interested in my carving like wood texture. They don't like it messed up with paint. But really you can't just say that I'm a carver, because I'm really an Indian crafter or handcrafter. I do leather work, work in horn and bone and all kinds of things. It's not just limited to wood.

An Indian carver was a man who was very highly held and esteemed. He had to have a very special spirit to do this. He was very much in demand if he was a good carver. Every young man and woman had to have a searching to find out what their spirits were and who their helpers were. It was a very tedious process. Sometimes they would go out many times and of course would go without food or water. It's known...that when the body is inactive the mind becomes more active. Fasting brought this about and gave them their spirit visions...

Back then, a thing like carving was on a kind of apprenticeship basis. It was also not uncommon for a slave to become so skilled at some of these crafts such as textiles or carving, to gain his freedom and become respected...

In the northern parts, winters were long. They had darkness for great periods of time. There wasn't much they could do during the winter so they carved and this sort of thing...They believed that during this time of the year the spirits were closest to the earth. So they did their dancing. They also had great tales told by story tellers. From these stories it gave the people who had the ability to either paint or sculpt wood the opportunity to create these creatures. There were many tales of the raven, grizzly bear, eagle and killer whale. Of course these people did this not only from the standpoint that it was good for their young's minds, it also taught them lessons from these creatures. They showed them their weaknesses and how they got in and out of difficulty...Some tales were like Uncle Remus tales, just for fun. They laughed and had a good time...

The more I studied these people, (North West Coast), the more I realized what a great economy and culture they had. The people here had cedar bark. Cedar was the material they used for houses, textiles, everything. Even in an emergency or famine, they could live on a membrane of cedar bark. Its buds and various other parts are good for medicine. These people never suffered from scurvy and other things. Their diet was very much from the minerals of the sea. They used various sea plants like kelp. In this way it gave them very good nutrition. Now for instance the Plains culture reached a certain point and that was it, it maintained its crafts at a certain level. Their skin work and bead work reached a certain place and there was no further it could go. It reached a high social level earlier than this culture here (North West Coast). This culture, until the missionaries and white man came, never ceased to grow. It continually grew all the time. When the white man came and cut down their poles and introduced whiskey, well that was more or less the end. But still, those people who have maintained the integrity of their identity have continued to progress in all of their work. Like today in some places where Indians still carve argalyte and so on, their ideas and work are improving all the time. In some places, things come about that bring a renewal of the old ideas and old ways. Like over on the Peninsula, at this place where the slide came

down at Ozette, and they found these long houses all intact. These people for many years had an existence (The Makah disbanded about 1900 and were absorbed into other Indian groups and white society) ...in which they had integrated...and this thing came about and they saw what their people were and it revived an interest... The people are carving and many are interested in all of the old crafts, they're even teaching the old language. They're going to have a museum and the means where people will pay so much to come and see the exhibits and this will also give them an opportunity to sell their wares. So it was a good thing...other Indian peoples are finding that raising cattle and doing other things, therefore maintaining the same social structure that their ancestors had.

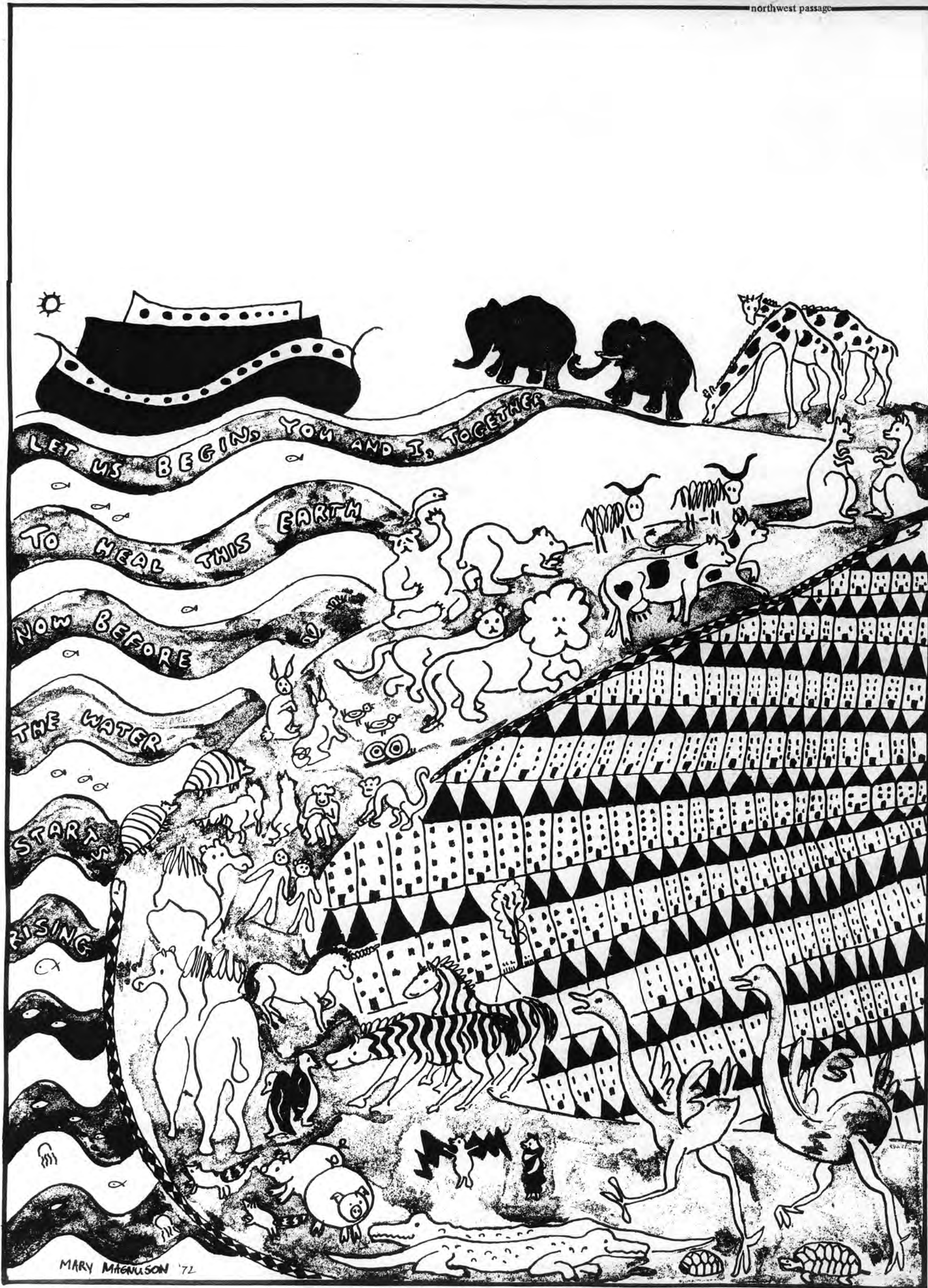


As I began to work cedar, I found that our tools meant doing it the hard way. In order to do it better and faster I had to study the tools that were used for cedar and develop new tools...the Indian way is the right way when it comes to working cedar because he was an expert. It's very interesting how they did all these things, which would seem quite complicated and hard with the technology they had...if you do it that way, with the steps they do it in, it's really very simple. You have to do it the Indian way...they didn't have micrometers and calipers yet they did work that was balanced (symmetrical). How did they do it? This is what I had to learn how to do by research and trial. If you have a reasonable mind you'll come to the same solution that they did. If you work with the same mental groundwork that they did you'll come to the same conclusions. Basically they used five tools to do a job that would take a contemporary artist a full chest of tools. These adzes have to have a certain balance. It'll take a person a whole year to learn to use these tools. It's hard work. It's learning how to use the full potential of each tool. The simplicity of the basic tools and their function: this is the important part.

The totem pole that I'm making is the story of Nataline. The first bird that you see, the eagle type bird, sometimes he was called eagle at the head of the Nass. He was the one who took the souls of the dead chiefs into the spirit world. The next figure you see is Frog and he supposedly saved a famous Haida chief from a fog and took him to shore. Next is an Indian sitting on the back of a whale. That's the spirit of Nataline.

Nataline was a man who fought with his wife all the time. They lived in a long house and whenever there was a disturbance it bothered everybody. Well, Nataline and his wife fought so much that their relatives decided that they'd take him out whaling and leave him on an island and that would solve the problem. They did, he was out there alone and of course they had sense to leave him with tools to survive. They didn't intend to kill him. They just wanted to quiet the ruckus. So Nataline talked to the Great Spirit and conjured up a sea spirit. The Sea Spirit told him to take his knife and whittle fish, then throw them into the water. Nataline carved them out of one kind of wood then another, but each time nothing happened. Finally he got some red cedar and carved it into fish and threw them into the water and they turned into killer whales. He told the Sea Spirit to tell the whales that when my relatives come out in their canoes I want you to kill them all, so I can go back to my village. So that's what happened. The killer whales turned over the canoes and killed all of his relatives who had sent him into exile. Then the Sea Spirit told the killer whales never to kill people again. So he returned on the back of a killer whale and went back to fighting with his wife. The moral of this story is, you should never become involved in the affairs of others.





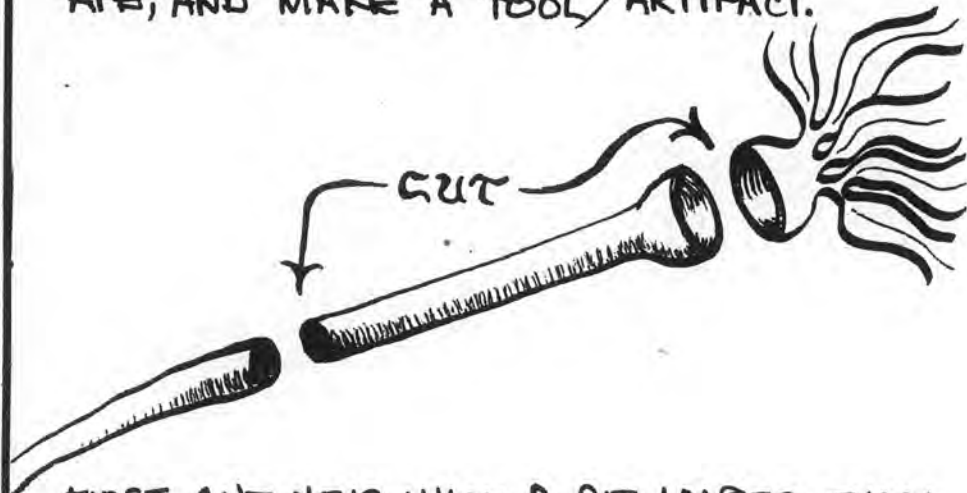


NEREOCYSTIS CANDLES

BY RICHARD PRIOR

NEREOCYSTIS IS THE LONG, BULBOUS, WHIPLIKE SEAWEED THAT WASHES UP ALL ALONG THE COAST AFTER STORMS; ITS BETTER TO GET IT AFTER ITS WASHED UP RATHER THAN TO PICK IT, CAUSE LOTS OF FISH LIKE TO HANG OUT UNDER THOSE BROAD, SPREADING LEAF MASSES, AND CALL IT HOME. BULBS IN ALMOST ANY CONDITION ARE USEABLE, AS LONG AS THE SIDES AREN'T PUNCTURED; CANDLES CAN BE MADE UP TO AT LEAST 3' LONG, AND PROBABLY LONGER.

AFTER PROCURING, CUTTING TO DESIRED LENGTH, AND NOTCHING IN THE MANNER ILLUSTRATED BELOW, YOU'RE READY TO GO APE, AND MAKE A TOOL/ARTIFACT.



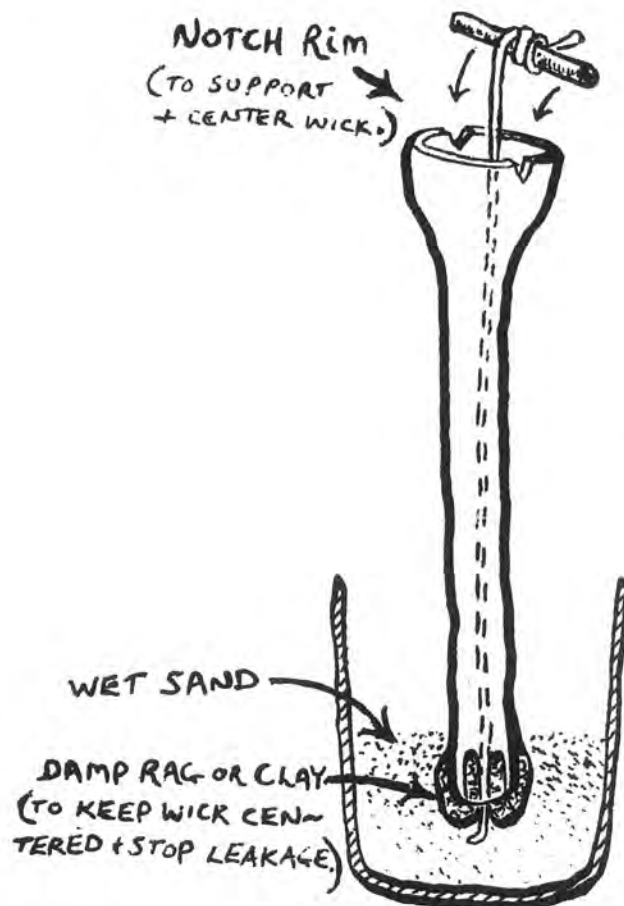
FIRST, CUT YOUR WICK A BIT LONGER THAN NECESSARY. TIE ONE END AROUND A STICK, DIP THE LENGTH OF THE WICK INTO HOT WAX A COUPLE OF TIMES, THEN HANG IT UP SO IT GETS SEMI-STRAIGHT AND STIFF. AFTER IT DRIES, RUN IT DOWN THROUGH THE TUBE UNTIL THE STICK SETS INTO THE NOTCHES; THEN INVERT THE WHOLE APPARATUS, HOLDING ONTO THE END OF THE STRING, SO THE WEIGHT OF THE TUBE IS RESTING ON THE STICK IN THE NOTCHES. IN THIS POSITION CAREFULLY TUCK A WET RAG OR THICK CLAY INTO THE NARROW END BEING CAREFUL TO KEEP THE WICK FROM TOUCHING THE SIDE OF THE TUBE, AND MAKING SURE NO PASSAGES ARE LEFT TO ALLOW THE WAX TO ESCAPE. NOW YOU'RE READY TO POUR.

TURN THE TUBE OVER AGAIN, SO THE FLAIRED END IS UP (THIS MAKES A



BROAD, SOLID, BASE, AS WELL AS A BEAUTIFUL FORM, WHICH USUALLY REQUIRES NO CANDLE HOLDER.)

PLANT THE NARROW SIDE OF THE BUCKET WHILE YOU POUR, OR YOU MAY WANT TO TIE A FEW WOODEN SPLINTS AROUND IT, AND



SINK THEM IN THE SAND, TO HOLD IT UPRIGHT. IN EITHER CASE, MAKE SURE THE BOTTOM END IS WELL COVERED. THEN, POUR IN THE WAX.

IF YOU'RE CAREFUL, YOU CAN CUT THE TUBE OFF BY SLITTING IT LENGTHWISE WITH A RAZOR BLADE AS SOON AS THE WAX HAS HARDENED. OR YOU CAN LEAVE IT OUTSIDE IN THE RAIN FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS, TO LET THE TUBE DECOMPOSE A BIT, SO ITS LIMP AND PULLS AWAY FROM THE CANDLE EASILY.

A PECULIARITY OF NEREOCYSTIS IS THAT THE INSIDE OF EACH TUBE IS COVERED WITH A THIN, FILMY, MESH-LIKE STRUCTURE, LIKE A NETWORK OF COBWEBS, WHICH MAKES A DIFFERENT SURFACE ON EACH CANDLE YOU POUR, FOR THIS REASON, NO DRAWING OF THE FINISHED PRODUCT IS SHOWN.

TRY IT OUT AND SURPRISE YOURSELF, BUT IF YOU DO, PLEASE KEEP IT FOR YOURSELF AND YOUR FRIENDS, DON'T TRY TO SELL IT; TEARING UP AN ANIMAL'S HOME FOR PROFIT IS NOT A NEIGHBORLY THING TO DO...



How to Dye by



Natural dyes were used for thousands of years by peoples in almost every area of the world. The first of the modern chemically-created dyes appeared in 1856, and since then, the methods of natural dyeing have fallen into disuse in industrial textile manufacturing. However, many peoples in countries with less dependence on chemical technology still use them, (although it may not last much longer), and craftspeople in various countries still prefer the soft, unrepeatable, unique colors that natural dyes give.

Most of the natural dyes are from pigments in plants, but a few do occur in animals. For instance, the red colorant in many lipsticks and in maraschino cherries has been cochineal, a dye obtained from a small insect which lives on cactus. These insects are raised (or encouraged) in quantities in Central America. There are similar insects in India, and other Asian areas. A murex or other sea snail was the donor of the royal purple for Roman robes, although a lowly lichen donated some purples too, called orchils. Sepia comes from cuttlefish, related to squids. All of the above dyes were used for many years as the only sources for the colors we so offhandedly accept in modern textiles.

I teach a class in spinning and nature dyeing for the Whatcom County Parks Department. We are only using wool, and I have not done any natural dyeing on cottons, linens, or other fibers, so my directions for dyeing are for wool. Other fibers react differently, and often require more complex procedures.

Scouring

Wool often contains spinning oils, if it is factory-spun. Handspun wools have great amounts of lanolin, if the spinner spins "in the grease", as I do. This must be removed before you begin the dyeing process, or the oils will resist the dye. Much of the commercial wool requires only a soap and water washing. I strongly advise you to use only soap, such as Ivory or Lux. Phosphates are bad news, and many of the new detergents have such a heavy dose of sodium hydroxide (for that extra cleaning power so avidly pushed on the American housewife) that it can literally eat you wool, leaving you a gooey mess of denatured protein. Oily wools, such as handspun, my require scouring to remove the grease. Scouring is a process whereby you place your wool in an enamel or stainless steel kettle (such as a canning kettle or jelly kettle), in water at room temperature. Add a little soap, no more than a quarter cup. Bring it slowly up to a simmer, NOT a boil. (Wool will shrink or mat if you change temperatures on it too fast, or if you handle it or squeeze it excessively while it is in water). Hold it at a simmer for about one hour. If the water is especially dirty, you may want to keep a teakettle going at the same temperature, and change the water once or twice while it is simmering. After an hour, take it off the heat and let it cool down

slowly to room temperature. Rinse it in room temperature water until the water is clear. Now you are about one-third along the way. The next step is even trickier.

Mordanting

Dyes will often fade or bleed if the wool has not been prepared first with a substance which mordants (mordere=to bite) the fibers. Natural mordants used by generations of dyers were urine salt or salt water, natural alum found as surface deposits in arid country (the Navajos have such a deposit in their country), naturally occurring metallic ores or muds, such as iron-bearing clays. Nowadays we take shortcuts, since we don't have such well-developed trade routes to supply us with certain of these. Item one was obviously easily obtainable, although some cultures were highly specific, possibly for religious purposes, i. e. old woman's urine was better for mordanting for certain colors. The Scottish dyers who developed the famous Harris tweeds used such quantities of urine that they developed the polite phrase "chamber lye", which they regularly collected from house to house among their villages. The Puritans, according to one tale, had only iron pots to dye in, and since iron is the mordant that darkens the colors, or "saddens" them, they ended up wearing dull, dark clothes. (But I gather they drank a lot of rum, to cheer them). The Northwest Coast Indians used a copper ore, traded from the upper Canadian area, to produce a blue or blue-green yarn, (the yarn was mordanted and dyed by the ore, simultaneously) which is traditionally found as one of the colors in the famous Chilkat blankets, handwoven by the Tlingit people.

The mordants used will influence the colors obtained from the natural dyestuffs. Sometimes, as with the copper ore above, the mordanted wool was changed in color enough to be used without further dyeing. Alum will change wool to a creamier white, and iron changes wool to light beige or even darker (depending on the amount you use) to rust or almost black. Potassium dichromate, a "new" mordant, will grey the wool due to a reaction with light. Tin does not appear to color the wool before it is dyed, but it will certainly show its influence after dyeing! In general, the colors obtained with tin will be the brightest (or even, loudest), and it especially shows up the yellow tones. Chrome (potassium dichromate) is next for brightness, and if you can only afford one mordant, I suggest you get this one. Alum is the softest, weakest mordant, although is the most commonly mentioned one in older dyebooks. It is of course, the easiest to obtain in a natural state, except for iron. Alum is chemically known as aluminum potassium sulfate, and it is different from "kitchen alum" used for pickling. Pickling alum can be used, right off the spice rack at the corner grocer (if they exist anymore) but it isn't even as good as the other alum. Iron is sold under the chemical name ferrous sulfate, and it is a light green crystal, often. An iron pot can do the same thing--just simmer the yarn in it for several hours, and let it cool overnight. I suspect rusty nails might have the same effect. A caution must be made about tin, or stannous chloride. If you use too much, your wool will become brittle, or even may break. So it is better to use a little less, rather

than more. That is really a rule for all the mordants, but especially for tin. Copper is conveniently sold as cuprous sulfate, a lovely blue crystal. LET ME WARN YOU, THE ABOVE MORDANTS ARE METALLIC SALTS! YOU CERTAINLY DO NOT WANT TO INHALE THEM, OR DRINK THEM, ETC. They are definitely unnatural in their abilities to do awful things to your system. They are also unappealing if you think all natural dyeing is done without chemicals. But they are a lot more convenient than trucking down to Arizona to prospect for your own.

Below are the recipes I use for mordanting. Cream of tartar is the same stuff from the grocery store that is used in meringues, etc. It is a contemporary form of tartaric acid, found in the bottom of wine casks, a by-product of grape fermentation. (I just can't figure out how all this stuff was ever discovered!) The procedure for mordanting is similar to that of scouring, after you have placed the correct amount of mordant in an enamel kettle, with water. These recipes are based on amounts to mordant one pound of dry wool, in a 4-gallon kettle of water. For less wool, use less mordant, but your water doesn't decrease necessarily. You want your wool to be uncrowded, during all the dyeing processes. The wool should be thoroughly wetted before placing it in the mordant solution. That's to insure even mordanting. Bring it up to a simmer, slowly, hold it for one hour, then remove it from heat and let it cool to room temperature. Rinse, with a little soap in the water, and then in clear water. Remember, don't change the temperature suddenly, or you will have felt, instead of yarn.

Recipes for one pound of wool, in a 4-gallon enamel kettle:

1. Alum-3 oz. alum and 1 oz. cream of tartar
2. Chrome-½ oz. chrome and ½ oz. cream of tartar (keep a lid on the pot if you wish to avoid greying the wool, and you should even dry it in a dark room, keeping it out of light until it is dyed).
3. Iron-½ oz. (Some older dyebooks call this copperas, why, I don't know).
4. Tin-¼ oz. tin and 2 oz. cream of tartar.
5. Copper-1 oz. copper, and if it doesn't show up as a light blue on the wool after one hour, add more, up to 4 oz. for one pound of wool.

by charlotte v. schneider



northwest passage



Your Own Hands!

Dyeing

Now comes the rewards for all the previous efforts! There are many local plants which yield colors. Actually, almost any green plant contains the pigments. You will find that most of them are yellow, brown, green, grey, or beige. There are very few blues, reds, or purples. Most of the dye that give you those colors are still imported, just like the way the colonial housewives got their indigo to weave those beautiful old overshot patterns we are familiar with as blue and white geometrically designed bedcovers. Cochineal used to be traded among Indian peoples along the southwest trails several centuries before the Jamestown colonies. Madder, a root which produces brown or rust-reds, still comes from Europe. Logwood, brazilwood come from South America, and they are from the heartwood of certain trees. They were early trade items among the Portuguese ships. Saffron is a rare yellow, from a crocus, of Asian origin. Greens are often produced by overdyeing yellow yarns with indigo blue.

Common local plants:

Tansy, yellows to olive greens
 Nettles, light greens in the spring
 Horsetails, light greens to beiges
 Privet, a cultivated hedge, greens and yellows from the leaves, greys, blue-greys from the berries
 Salal, blue greys, from the berries
 Apple barks, pinks
 Wolf lichen, day-glo yellow
 Marigold & dahlia flowers, beautiful yellows, oranges

Grocery store sources:

Carrot tops, parsley, yellows
 Purple cabbage (requires great quantities) light blues
 Onion skins, beautiful yellows, rusts, browns, golds (use very little)
 Coffee and tea, browns to greys
 Beets, pinks, with quantities-fades badly
 Blueberries, raspberries, pinks, purples, fades badly

The proportions of plant material are one peck of fresh, or 1 pound of dry material for 1 pound of wool. The procedure for dyeing is similar to mordanting or scouring. First you prepare the dyestuff by chopping the plant material into small pieces, put it in a kettle and bring it to a simmer. Don't boil it or you will destroy the color pigments. Simmer it for one to two hours. Very woody plants require more time. Let it cool overnight, then strain

The proportions of plant material are one peck of fresh or 1 pound of dry material for 1 pound of wool. The procedure for dyeing is similar to mordanting or scouring. First you prepare the dyestuff by chopping the plant material into small pieces, put it in a kettle and bring it to a simmer. Don't boil it or you will destroy the color pigments. Simmer it for one to two hours. Very woody plants require more time. Let it

cool overnight, then strain out the plant material and toss it on the compost heap. The dye is now in the water. Wet the wool, then place it in the cool dyebath. Bring it to a simmer, slowly, and after one hour, it should be about done. You may let it cool in the dyebath, but if it is going darker than you wish, you could transfer it to a clear rinse water of the same temperature. Remember the color will look lighter once it is dry, so let it go a little darker than you wish. You may wish to add a bit of soap to the rinse water, to get out extra dyestuff. Then rinse in clear water, and now you've done it!

Let me point out some things you should consider if you are gathering dyeplants. Leave some for next year's crop. If you don't need the root, break off the stem and leave the root in the ground. If you are collecting lichens, remember that some of those plants may be hundreds of years old! Be discrete, be considerate. It may take many years to replace what you destroy. In leafy plants, you need only the leaves and sometimes the flowers. You can use the stems if you wish, but if you see seedheads, scatter them and be a modern "Johnny Appleseed".

Below are sources for various things I have mentioned. If you need further advice, I suggest you buy one of the books I list. In case of crisis, during the day you can get me at TAPESTRY 4176 Meridian, 733-7498. That's a commercial, since it's my place of business. The best all-round and cheapest source is the first book I list. It is often available at the college bookstore, or one of the other sources.

BOOKS

DYE PLANTS AND DYEING, Brooklyn Botanic Garden, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11225. (\$1.25 approx.). NATURAL DYES AND HOME DYEING, Rita J. Adrosko. Dover Publications, Inc., 180 Varick Street, New York, N.Y. 10014 (\$2.00).

VEGETABLE DYEING, Alma Lesch. Watson-Guptill Publications, 165 West 46th Street, New York, N.Y. (\$7.95).

Many other books are available from various sources.

MORDANTS

Scientific Supply Company, 600 South Spokane Street, Seattle--bulk only, 1 lb. or more.

Handcraft House, 110 West Esplanade, Vancouver, B.C.

Tapestry, 4176 Meridian, Bellingham, Washington.

World Wide Herbs Ltd., 11 St. Catherine Street East, Montreal 129, Quebec.

Handcraft House, see above

Honeycomb, 1000 Harris Street, Bellingham, Washington.

Tapestry, 4176 Meridian, Bellingham, Washington, 733-7498.

World Wide Herbs Ltd., see above.



untitled

I had to touch her
to see, ah, to see
if she was real
and I hated myself
for the touch.
We'd been together
for such a long time
six months, I think
but we shared much more than that
much more than time
our spiritual beings were intertwined
as blue morning glory flowers
on a wall.
How often we laughed
simply because we were together
shouting and singing with musical joy
or feeling the heaviness of silent contentment

and I had to touch her
to see if she was real.

--Diane Hueter



Lucia Vernarelli

AND

there was this woman
who saved rainwater in clean glasses
and believed in the recipes of touch.
Her kitchen was always warm
and I, like her yeast, was quick to rise
when kneading fingers suggested warm bread.
I was the teeth of her time.

In other rooms she whispered past
the small straining mirrors, humming
a tone of green. She moved the earth

and to position the moon
she rode an unbridled horse up the hill
behind the house. Her shadow cast lightly
on the clouds. In dark ways she was wanton
at the light root of her hair.

Sometimes we spoke through candles,
imaged the workings of melted wax
and opened the windows wide
to excite the flame between us

And sometimes too, we were frightened
when our whispers turned into flesh.
So we lived (free convicts in touch)
as water spilled into hot grease.

by kenneth e. warfel

PIECES

Each time I start to speak
a broken wing
your father's smile
the evening news
marimba moods
hugging close
the shooting star
I cannot find the words.

(lips
the aftertaste of wine
the number nine
a fire of pine
a crooked line
eyes that shine
our secret sign
that made you mine)

by kenneth john atchity

poetry

searching inside myself I find
a woman and a man perfectly juxtaposed
in an exquisite tension of yang and yin

inside of me is a woman, a "sage femme," full of
the wisdom of healing, the knowledge
of death
space makes love to her limbs
flesh sings softly around her bones

inside of me is a man whose names
I cannot say with composure
behind his eyes very clear another eye
is seeing
sometimes
he is the center of the cyclone
very still

but doubt is a huge bat
worn low on the forehead
and pride is a dizzy bat
worn on the crown of the head

these things torment me
the two-pronged pitchfork of pride and doubt
pokes my ribs/ the cyclone spins thru the
town moving everything
burying wisdom, closing the eyes

but somewhere
is the rich red meat
the sweet thick heart of things

and this is what I will look for
this is what I will find
a man and a woman talk to each other
she sings; he opens up his eyes

somewhere inside me this city exists

from nothing, they have created sweet-scented life
from nothing, I have created the poem
to search inside myself and find
the androgynous witness that cannot be bribed

Marina de Bellagente

AS SOMEONE'S WIFE
BOARDS THE TRAIN FOR CAROLINA

Framed in the coach window,
a face too familiar
for imagination
seems suddenly so strange,
remotely remembered.

He sees in her farewell eyes
the old selfishness,
wonder of discovery,
another love as lost,
as forgotten as his own.

And walking half alone
to hollowed house, he meets
in every mirror
twice unfaithful eyes
wanting her return.

---Kenneth John Atchity

The First Shall Be the Last

May all worshippers of winter
its sterile sun
its isolated noons
its killing breath
that purifies an over-ripened world
& brings its stark appraisal
of loneliness & loss
transforming those too weak
to fight the lushness
of September weeds
into satisfied tragedians
Remember
the first winter
which promises no spring
to undo its frozen tears
& all make live again
shall also be the last.

—Kenneth John Atchity

November is a Dirty Street

November is a dirty street
an end to carnival gaiety
and whirling colored lights
The dancers have gone, the false jewels and laughter gone
Cellophane now tumbles on a rush of midnight air,
glittered by street lights
and head lights
and the empty security night lights of fashionable department stores
Gum wrappers and week-old newspapers
huddle in human form against a lamp post,
shaking and rattling in the diseased winter wind
I am alone
I am lonely
but I would not call back the strong, young dancers
I would not direct them in free form ballet
fur coats and satin dresses
staged to the endless burning of an artificial sun
For when they grow weary
could I paint smiles on their molding faces
or pose their hands
or shuffle their feet
with invisible puppeteer strings?
no, no, I would not do that
even if I could
They are home, asleep now
and I am the only one guarding this littered street
from the too kind painter and poet,
the garbage collector making his rounds
I am the only one watching the slippery motion of furry shadows
cats hunting for rats and lively mice
hunting in the hotel restaurant's rubbish heap
longing for the bone crushing
and the blood dripping
and the stomach gently filling
I am the only one,
thinking this is the way it should be
on the first
dark
November morning

—Diane Hueter



photo by Mark Dumont

some winter haiku

Clouds drift far off;
images stand
like cliffs of land.

ōshin

The wind is high
and the trees are swaying,
stillness lies inside.

ōshin

Snow hard against the rocks
a cormorant hides, her long neck
stretched out to the sky.

ōshin

WALKIN IN THE RAIN

its november and the rain fell
my summer shoes
the ones with the holes
the ones i loved
wore out
the rain fell
its dark a lot in november

the people on the benches
and the doorways
are wet and cold most of the time
except for tokay wine
you can tell by the empty bottles

i guess im better off than they are
do you notice that they never break the bottles

do you know what the people of the street know
do you know what they have always known
it isnt that it rains hard in november

it always does

sam barr

The Sorrow of the Winter Soldier

Continued warfare in Southeast Asia is a reality we can't forget. We're confronted every day with words describing the war. We've been titillated by peace reports for four years and disgusted with body counts and bombing statistics. Yet, nevertheless, the American Public has become adept at tuning out the details of war.

For returning veterans, however, the newspaper reports were too real to tune out. Many of them remember their time spent in a world of skewed values too well. In a documentary film recently presented at Western Washington State College, returning veterans related their experiences and tremendous feelings of personal guilt and regret.

The *Winter Soldier*, a one and one-half hour documentary, taken from 44 hours of Congressional testimony given by returning Vietnam veterans in 1971, won first place in the Cannes Film Festival last spring.

It is not a pleasant film. Not much about the war is pleasant. But the painful part of this film is the candid confessions of the men. Ex-soldiers refute the act of killing and the idea of doing what soldiers have always done; sorrowfully, this is done after having participated in the war. It takes a lot of guts to turn your back on something you once believed in. And it takes a lot of guts to say you were wrong.

The film is an hour and a half of fast-moving testimony; not much of it is repetitious in detail, but all of it supports the fact that military systems and efforts are archaic and sick.

Men who killed many civilians in a war where paranoia was the only way to return home tell their stories in bloody detail. *The Winter Soldier* is a story of how men treated other human beings like animals and came to be animals themselves. Testimony also includes descriptions of officers and commanders who encouraged inflated body counts and who many times ignored pleas for help and even ignored pleas from their own men for military support.

Testimony comes from articulate veterans describing their efforts and from veterans who can't believe what they say and did and have no words for their actions.

As the veterans tell what's on their minds during the 1971 Congressional hearing, the image becomes clear that those who were not taken to the war, but stayed home and said nothing or worse, who nodded approval from their split-level homes, are the ones who need help. They have not met the military machine of 1960-73. And since they do not know the systematic monster which is larger than any person, they do not fear it.

The whole idea of thinking one can obliterate another being because one is stronger, bigger, smarter, fatter, whiter or has a higher rank is sickness. And it seems to be a tradition well rooted not only in the military but in governmental and corporate administrations as well.

The film not only suggests America has a further responsibility to the Vietnamese people for reparation, it also points out that America has a lot to learn about human decency among its own people.

But The Winter Soldier will not be shown in movie houses or on national television until America is further removed from the condition of war. Someday the history of returning veterans' attitudes and realizations will be valued. But now their thoughts are a threat. Film distributors, supported by the status quo, are too aware of the numerous personal and political mistakes of the war to present the American public with further testimony.

For all the poignancy of *The Winter Soldier*, it is important to note that the war has gained more disinterest since it has become automated and our own people are no longer fighting and dying in direct combat. Since military technology now sees to it that bombs are dropped on *military targets* the remaining Americans in Vietnam are insulated from combat while destruction is far worse than that done by the past force of 500,000 men.

The problem is, the official definition of *military target* allows the *destruction* of any thing, person, place or ideas that can stop the will of the enemy to continue to fight." Hence the general citizenry of Vietnam continues to be torn apart.

by betsy ross

But who will tell the horrors of American's military machine when no one who speaks English is left to describe the destruction? The winter soldier is the last who can comment on the annihilation of a people. He must be heard, heeded and not forgotten.



Liberation News Service

by roxanne park

There is one indicator for any leftist group's effectiveness: if they are harassed by the government, they are doing something right. If such an indication had any value, the Vietnam Veteran's Against the War can be sure they are damned effective.

Six members of the VVAW were recently indicted by a federal grand jury on charges of conspiring to cause riots during the Republican National Convention with fire bombs, automatic weapons and slingshot propelled fireworks. One of the defendants, Scott Camil, recently spoke after a showing of the "Winter Soldier" in Bellingham.

The specific charges that these men face read like an inane joke. The grand jury concluded that they conspired to attack police stations and cars by firing "lead weights, fried marbles, ball bearings, cherry bombs, and smoke bombs.." by the "means of wrist rocket slingshots and crossbow." To prove these charges, the grand jury claims that the Veterans committed these and other "overt acts:"

* On or about May 26, 1972, John M. Kniffin traveled from Austin, Texas to Gainesville, Florida.

* On or about May 28, 1972, Scott Camil possessed twenty (20) wrist rocket slingshots at 734 University, Florida.

* On or about May 28, 1972, Scott Camil demonstrated wrist rocket slingshots.

* On or about May 28, 1972, John W. Kniffin demonstrated and taught the use of a crossbow.

The government claims that these men who were trained in the use of the most destructive weapons in the world, were taught to kill with precision, and who fought in Vietnam, were going to attack police

made it perfect for restraining rather than protecting certain citizens.

The grand jury can call any witnesses it believes might have valuable information. If one is subpoenaed before a grand jury, one is obligated to continue to answer all questions or else go to jail. This situation is known as "opening the door." If they ask you your name and your address and you answer, and next questions may deal with accounting for every person you have ever talked to at your house, which meetings you have attended, who you know, what they have ever said to you, etc. When Leslie Bacon was called before the grand jury, she was asked all those questions plus which people she had slept with, what kinds of intercourse they had had, and which rooms they had slept in.

When you don't answer a question, the charge is civil contempt. After a short contempt hearing, you are put in jail for the duration of the grand jury. A jury is set up to last 18 months, but special extensions can cause it to last up to 3 years. Another grand jury can be called after the life of the first one and they can call the same witnesses. If one refuses to testify again, they can again be thrown in jail for the duration of that jury.

The most significant aspect of the grand jury is that ostensibly, there are no 5th Amendment rights. Contrary to all other judicial proceedings, you can be indicted on your own testimony in this system. The way this works is that if you refuse to answer a question on the 5th Amendment grounds, the grand jury can petition to have you receive immunity. There are two types of immunity: use and transactional. Transactional immunity grants you full protection from any prosecution having to do with the transaction in question.

political group's activities than to tie them into court proceedings.

Since Scott Camil has been involved in VVAW he has been in jail for three separate charges. He was accused of kidnapping two black males. This charge came when he was speaking at high schools twice a week. The "proof" for the charge was a supposed receipt for the \$100 ransom money. Camil was held in jail for eight months, and released when he showed a film of him speaking at a campus on the day the kidnapping supposedly took place. After this proceeding, he was not invited to speak in high schools.

Camil was also arrested in February on six counts of drug use and possession. He has been found not guilty in a trial by jury on two of those charges. The four others are on appeal to the Supreme Court on technicalities.

Last spring when Nixon announced the dike bombings, the VVAW organized a freeway block, which caused 400 people to be arrested. After all 400 requested a speedy trial by jury, the charges were dropped on 325 of those people. The VVAW did a massive campaign to inform people of the concept of jury nullification which is; as a protest of an unjust law, a jury should find a person not guilty of an act they did commit under that law. Their campaign worked, and the first 4 people tried were found not guilty, even though the evidence clearly indicated they had committed the acts in question. The other charges were promptly dropped. The VVAW is now suing for false arrest, false imprisonment, mental and



Grand Old Jury

stations with slingshots.

The bonds for the Veterans was originally set at \$50,000 cash apiece. The government would not accept property, 10%, nor even government bonds. The rationale for such a high bond was the men's service records. The government claimed that all the medals these men received in Vietnam (Silver Stars, Bronze Star, Purple Hearts) proved that they were violent people who should not be allowed on the streets. The incredible paradox of a government deeding its own war heroes as dangerous, violent men who shouldn't be on the streets, is almost beyond comprehension.

As Camil pointed out in his talk, to really "understand" this conspiracy case and its implications, one must be aware of the grand jury system. The grand jury originated in England during the 12th century for the purpose of perpetuating the King's justice in the rural villages. The system was adopted by the United States' Founding Fathers (although England abolished the system in 1933. The system was and is passed off as a protective measure. Instead of having the government come in and prosecute citizens on vague charges, the theory was that there should be a preliminary hearing by one's own peers to determine if there are substantial grounds for a charge. However, the grand jury's peculiar laws have

Use immunity is the only one given in these proceedings. It is far more effective for the government's means. Use immunity is only good for prosecution resulting from your testimony. The way this is used is that Person A is asked a question by the jury and when he or she refuses to answer by pleading the 5th Amendment, use immunity is sometimes granted. That person then talks about the act in question and is asked who else was involved. Later, Person B is called before the jury, granted use immunity, and talks about the act and Person A. Person A and B are then charged on each other's testimony. Really, one ends up indicting one's self.

The grand jury's subpoena power, is very useful in curtailing activities. The VVAW were first indicted for conspiracy last July and were then subpoenaed to appear before the jury during the weeks of both of the conventions and the election. The Vets asked that their appearances be staggered so some of them could attend the conventions, but the government refused. At the end of one week, eight of those subpoenaed had not been called in by the jury.

The conspiracy charge is costing the VVAW thousands and thousands of dollars. They have seven attorneys working on the case. The time and energy spent on this case is stolen from the national movement. There is no easier way to curtail a

physical damages.

Is it no wonder why the VVAW is being prosecuted on a conspiracy charge? The VVAW is the most lethal anti-war organization in the country. The members possess the discipline, commitment, and organization which so many other groups simply cannot attain. The Vet's demonstration in Washington was the high point of anti-war protest. People cannot turn away quite so easily when the Vets speak out against the war. They were there, they used to believe in Vietnam, and for them to change so drastically is something which cannot be ignored.

It is essential that we do all we can to prevent the spread of the injustice of the grand jury system and to help the VVAW's. The VVAW is circulating a petition which demands that their indictment be dropped, along with an elimination of the illegal use of the federal grand jury system. Copies of the petition can be obtained from:

Vietnam Veterans Against the War
PO Box 14179
Gainesville, Florida 32601



JOURNEY TO IXTLAN
The Lessons of Don Juan
By the author of *A Separate Reality*



The visions are all fled—the car is fled into the light of heaven, and in their stead a sense of real things comes doubly strong, and, like a muddy stream, would bear my soul to nothingness... But I will strive against all doubtings and will keep alive the thought of that same chariot, and the strange journey it went.

—John Keats, Winter, 1816

The effect of reading Carlos Castaneda's two earlier books, *The Teachings of Don Juan* and *A Separate Reality*, was so overwhelming and did so much to enliven my perceptions of the world that I approached his latest work with trepidation. Could *Journey to Ixtlan* possibly live up to the first two? Thankfully, not only has it lived up to the first two, but it has even surpassed the effect those two books had on me. It is an experience not to be missed. The book will be available at the public library, or at local bookstores like the Bank or Aardvark. Get someone to give you the book for Christmas. I don't think I could conjure up a more paradoxical Christmas present. I wonder what don Juan thinks about Christmas...

Drugs were a central part of the earlier books. Now, after coming to the end of his apprenticeship as a sorcerer, Carlos has looked back through his field notes, which he has taken all through his days with don Juan, and has realized that the central part of don Juan's teachings is not drugs at all.

... He said that he had been trying all along to teach me how to "stop the world."

"You haven't yet," he said, smiling. "Nothing seems to work, because you are very stubborn. If you were less stubborn, however, by now you would probably have stopped the world with any of the techniques I have taught you."

"What techniques, don Juan?"

"Everything I have told you to do was a technique for stopping the world."

A few months after that conversation don Juan accomplished what he had set out to do, to teach me how to "stop the world."

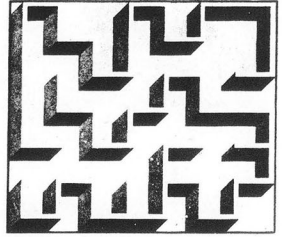
That monumental event in my life compelled me to reexamine in detail my work of ten years. It became evident to me that my original assumption about the role of psychotropic plants was erroneous. They were not the essential feature of the sorcerer's description of the world, but were only an aid to cement, so to speak, parts of the description which I had been incapable of perceiving otherwise. My insistence on



The Lessons of Don Juan

Stopping the World

by nelamber



holding on to my standard version of reality rendered me almost deaf and blind to don Juan's aims. Therefore, it was simply my lack of sensitivity which had fostered their use.

In reviewing the totality of my field notes I became aware that don Juan had given me the bulk of the new description at the very beginning of our association in what he called "techniques for stopping the world." I had discarded those parts of my field notes in my earlier works because they did not pertain to the use of psychotropic plants.

This time around the world of don Juan becomes more bizarre and mind-shattering because of the absence of drugs in the happenings which overtake Carlos. It may have already been said, but maybe it would be good to repeat that, once you remove his cultural milieu, many of don Juan's techniques have much in common with the practices of Zen and other suddenly popular religious pastimes. And this would be saying quite a bit, except for the fact that religion and its manifestation have become so faddish lately, that saying something is "Zen-like" (et cetera) comes off as little more than trite.

So perhaps it would be wise to add that Carlos has the ability to relate to events of an unbelievable nature, his books are like reading science fiction, only in this case the world the book describes is one we ourselves inhabit. And if Carlos were not the disbelieving, dispassionate anthropology student that he is (was), we wouldn't believe one word of it. In *Journey to Ixtlan* Castaneda's quest for power results in a series of startling encounters with the unknown—a confrontation with death and the past in the form of an albino falcon, with the twilight wind that is really power, with a mountain lion that don Juan attracts by using Castaneda as the bait in a test of courage and with a mountain fog that brings visions and terror." While in the high mountains and arid desert with don Juan, Carlos learns the techniques, the concentration, the compassion of the hunter, the person who is "without routines, free, fluid, unpredictable, finding around him the power that he has learned to see, use and control."

At the heart of don Juan's teachings are lessons which everyone can utilize to take firmer control of their own lives. In many ways don Juan's advice sounds so simple and elementary it seems absurd, but it is not as easy as it appears...

In a dramatic tone don Juan stated that well-being was a condition one had to groom, a condition one had to become acquainted with in order to seek it.

"You don't know what well-being is, because you have never experienced it," he said.

I disagreed with him. But he continued arguing that well-being was an achievement one had to deliberately seek. He said that the only thing I knew how to seek was a sense of disorientation, ill-being, and confusion.

He laughed mockingly and assured me that in order to accomplish the feat of making myself miserable I had to work in a most intense fashion, and that it was absurd I had never realized I could work just the same in making myself complete and strong.

"The trick is in what one emphasizes," he said. "We either make ourselves miserable, or we make ourselves strong. The amount of work is the same."

Sounds simple, doesn't it? But maybe that's what makes it so hard. Remember what don Juan said way back in the first book about the path one must take:

"If any is useless to waste your life on one path, especially if that path has no heart."

"But how do you know when a path has no heart, don Juan?"

"Before you embark on it you ask the question—Does this path have a heart? If the answer is no, you will know it, and then you must choose another path."

"But how will I know for sure whether a path has a heart or not?"



For me the world is wierd because it is stupendous, awesome, mysterious, unfathomable; my interest has been to convince you that you must assume responsibility for being here, in this marvelous desert, in this marvelous time. I wanted to convince you that you must learn to make every act count, since you are going to be here for only a short while; in fact, too short for witnessing all the marvels of it.

DON JUAN

"Anybody would know that. The trouble is nobody asks the question, and when a man finally realizes that he has taken a path without a heart the path is ready to kill him. At that point very few men can stop to deliberate, and leave the path."

"How should I proceed to ask the question properly, don Juan?"

"Just ask it."

"I mean, is there a proper method, so I would not lie to myself and believe the answer is yes when it really is no?"

"Why would you lie?"

"Perhaps because at the moment the path is pleasant and enjoyable."

"That is nonsense. A path without heart is never enjoyable. You have to work hard even to take it. On the other hand, a path with a heart is easy; it does not make you work at liking it."

For all the times that don Juan's path frightened Carlos and made him vow never to return to it again, he always found its lure irresistible after a while, and always returned to the desert again, to continue with his apprenticeship and with his attempts to see. Finally...

"I moved my eyes away and I saw a coyote calmly trotting across the field. The coyote was around the spot where I thought I had seen the man. It moved about fifty yards in a southerly direction and then it stopped, turned and began walking towards me. I yelled a couple of times to scare it away, but it kept on coming. I had a moment of apprehension. I thought that it might be rabid and I even considered gathering some rocks to defend myself in case of an attack. When the animal was ten to fifteen feet away I noticed that it was not agitated in any way, on the contrary, it seemed calm and unafraid. It slowed down its gait, coming to a halt barely four or five feet from me. We looked at each other, and the coyote came even closer. Its brown eyes were friendly and clear. I sat down on the rocks and the coyote stood almost touching me. I was dumbfounded. I had never seen a wild coyote that close, and the only thing that occurred to me at that moment was to talk to it. I began as one would talk to a friendly dog. And then I thought that the Coyote "talked" back to me. I had the absolute certainty that it had said something. I felt confused but I did not have time to ponder upon my feelings, because the coyote "talked" again. It was not that the animal was voicing words the way I am accustomed to hearing words being voiced by human beings, it was rather a "feeling" that it was talking. But it was not like a feeling that one has when a pet seems to communicate with its master, either. The coyote actually said something; it relayed a thought and that communication came out in something like a sentence. I had said, "How are you, little coyote?" and I thought I heard the animal respond, "I'm all right, and you?" Then the coyote repeated the sentence and I jumped to my feet. The animal did not make a single movement. It was not even startled by my sudden jump. Its eyes were still friendly and clear. It lay down on its stomach and tilted its head and asked, "Why are you afraid?" I sat down facing it and I carried on the wierdest conversation I had ever had. Finally it asked me what I was doing there and I said I had come there to learn to "stop the world." The coyote said, "Que bueno" and then I realized that it was a bilingual coyote. The nouns and verbs of its sentences were in English, but the conjunctions and exclamations were in Spanish. The thought crossed my mind that I was in the presence of a being that crossed my mind and my mind. The coyote stood up and our eyes met. I stared fixedly into them. I felt they were pulling me and suddenly the animal became indignant; it began to glow. It was as if my mind were replaying the memory of another event that had taken place ten years before, when under the influence of

coyote I witnessed the metamorphosis of an ordinary dog into an unforgettable being. It was as though the coyote had triggered the recollection, and the memory of that previous event was summoned and became superimposed on the coyote's shape; the coyote was a fluid, liquid, liminous being. Its luminosity was dazzling. I wanted to cover my eyes with my hands and protect them, but I could not move. The luminous being touched me in some undefined part of myself and my body experienced such an exquisite indescribable warmth and well-being that it was as if the touch had made me explode. I became transfixed. I could not feel my feet, or my legs or any part of my body, yet something was sustaining me erect. I have no idea how long I stayed in that position. In the meantime, the liminous coyote and the hilltop where I stood melted away. I had no thoughts or feelings. Everything had been turned off and I was floating freely.

Suddenly I felt that my body had been struck and then it became enveloped by something that kindled me. I became aware then that the sun was shining on me. I could vaguely distinguish a distant range of mountains towards the west. The sun was almost over the horizon, I was looking directly into it and I saw the "lines of the world" I actually perceived the most extraordinary profusion of fluorescent white lines which crisscrossed everything around me. For a moment I thought that I was perhaps experiencing sunlight as it was being refracted by my eyelashes. I blinked and looked again. The lines were constant and were superimposed on or were coming through every thing in the surroundings. I turned around and examined an extraordinary new world. The lines were visible and steady even if I looked away from the sun.

I stayed on the hilltop in a state of ecstasy for what appeared to be an endless time, and the whole event may have lasted only a few minutes, perhaps only as long as the sun shone before it reached the horizon, but to me it seemed an endless time. I felt something warm and soothing soaring out of the world and out of my own body. I knew I had discovered a secret. It was so simple. I experienced an unknown flood of feelings. Never in my life had I such a divine euphoria, such peace, such an encompassing grasp, and yet I could not put the discovered secret into words, or even into thoughts, but my body knew it.

Then I either fell asleep or I fainted. When I again became aware of myself I was lying on the rocks. I stood up. The world was as I had always seen it. It was getting dark and I automatically started on my way back to my car.

Now all that remains for Carlos is the confrontation with the ally that is a result of seeing. He must face the ally and defeat it or lose his human-ness and enter a world populated by phantoms (like you and me). After you have been by the ally you leave everything you "love or hate or wish for" behind.

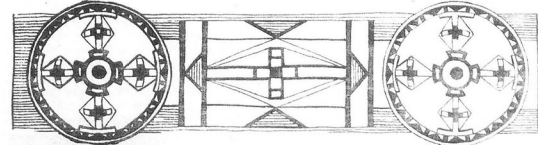
It is like a poem Carlos once recited to don Juan by Juan Ramon Jimenez entitled "El Viaje Definitivo" (The Definitive Journey):

... and I will leave. But the birds will stay, singing, and my garden will stay, with its green tree, with its water well.

Many afternoons the skies will be blue and placid, and the bells in the bellry will chime, as they are chiming this very afternoon.

The people who have loved me will pass away, and the town will burst anew every year. But my spirit will always wander nostalgic in the same recondite corner of my flowery garden.

P.S. Remember to keep in mind that the problem with this and, indeed, any book, is the tendency it has to promote vicarious rather than personal experience. It is good to let books give you the impetus to go out and see for yourself. But make sure you don't get lazy and substitute the experience of reading for your own encounters with this wierd world in which we reside. Happy trails...



MUSIC

Red Lips, Hot Licks, Nostalgic



photo by thom schultz

The concert that was scheduled for December 9 was not preempted by circumstances beyond certain persons' control. What did occur was a divine comedy of successes, to alter the original.

After much deliberation, delay and un-karmic waits, Fireweed from Vancouver appeared, delving out their share of country blues Canada-style. Their set was very loose in more ways than one, high-lighted by their generally excellent vocals and the passing to and fro of the old devil whiskey. Amazing as this was, I was amazed to witness a poor mixing of sound in concert. Dull sound on

records is fairly common, but in concert is either entertaining or horrid, depending on one's point of view. Problem was, the dobro and conga players were making fruitful motion in silence behind guitars and bass. Still, the over-all effect of the mood of Fireweed was quite "down home" in the country.

As an hors d'oeuvre to the topper, two congaists by the moniker of "Tom and Jerry" expressed their view to the rhythms of cow hide. Their personalities were well expressed: the lead man in his purple outfit played with innovation and fire, his eyes lost in his feeling; the rhythm conga player,

adorned with Nathan Hale, provided a steady floor for his partner's take-offs and landings. This break was like a cup of brisk tea between meals.

After these events, came the headlined movie. What, you say? Movie? Well, I have decided that theater has at last emerged in concert. There is a plot, characters, theme and moral. It is called Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks.

Originally, I thought of describing the group as a baroque band with a 1930's neurosis. Regarding their recent show, I have lost the \$64,000 generalization.

Much has been made of Dan Hicks'

nostalgia. "Gee—look at the freaky duds." I didn't realize the true value of these critters until I watched them perform and thus swept my characterizations out the door.

These people/musicians are bonafide actors. While the customary events of singing and guitar playing are occurring, there are these friends up on stage, trying to tell a fairy tale about people that everyone has met in their life experiences. And not all of it is utopian acting—we have D. Hicks imploring the crowd to "boogie" as R. Nixon says "peace." Dan is the court jester, egging the crowd on, making a complete shambles of the entire show.



northwest passage

Spinning the Dial

by captain billy

If you've experimented with your AM radio trying to find a good station around Belly, Wash and retired it hoping you'll be able to afford an FM set or a windfall to bring in components or tape, there is some hope in programming looming out there. It doesn't have the progressiveness of KGMI, the maturity of KPUG, the devil-does-care attitude of KORQIT, the pure excitability of Vancouver talk stations, or the 317th in a row from the big city down south. It is a Bellingham country music station. Shitkicker, yah know. Good ole KBFW has dumped the hacks and revitalized their programming so that in a recent half-hour segment, they played Loggins & Messina, Linda Ronstadt, Country Gazette, and mentioned that other number was written by Tom Rush. In case you don't know who those people are you should know they are a musical temperate age removed from Harry Nostril and his Nosepickers.

The first time I heard Commander Cody on the station I figured someone had the single direct from Nashville in a huge stack of weekly production in Music City, U.S.A. Oh golly, Mabel, we played a song

by some hippies. Let's get the axe out afore the boss finds out. I was dead wrong. You are now as likely to hear a song written or performed by Byrds/Burritos remnants as you are to hear an Acuff-Rose piece. On their "Top 40 Survey Sheet" they called *Will the Circle Be Unbroken* one of the finest albums of the year. And this is a station which was totally caught up in the Buck, Tammy, Sonny or Johnny at least every half hour six months ago. Oh, Yeah, you will hear some stuff that gets old quick. But where don't you? Their program director came, most recently, from the FM side of KOL. It is decidedly different than anything you'll hear dialspinning in the middle of Texas. In fact, I would be surprised to hear any country station doing a better job. As we transcend wite roots (this tiem?) we can once again use music as one travelling companion. KBFW is comin' right along. Unfortunately, it is a daytimer (operates from sunup to sundown) but daytime is better than no time at all. It hangs in around 968 on yer thing. Now if all those present listeners hang in there maybe we can have us a good fiddle contest.

ic

Blitz, and Dan Hicks

by jon roanhaus



He is jester, president, and lubricant. He stands stoutly at the microphone, reacting to requests for his tunes by saying, "Oh... that song sucks." He is also Sam Sarcasm, dusting off the Southside U. college "punks" with an occasional anecdote about nothing in particular. He leads the volleys of song and dance, the sarcastic harmonies, he commands your attention by insult, cajolery and little two-steps or bowed legs in the thick of a riff. Sid Page, the violinist, is the fuel of this locomotive. He consistently leapt from the boogie context to stir the cortex of many minds with his impressionistic solos. He plays with vengeance, his passions spilling onto the ears of the little cosmos, shredding the bow in his fury.

Maryann and Miami Naomi glide along with their hustling voices crooning a looney tune like the ridiculous "I'm an Old Cowhand," where she's "never roped a steer, 'cos I don't know how, but I know all the stars in the Lone Star State, because I ride the range in my Ford V-8, yippy yi-yo-cai-yaa! Talk about comedy! Their acting is at once sensuous, ludicrous and timely. While Dan and John form the basis of these thrusts, Naomi and Maryann stand in the spotlight (those that are tricky) and pose to their own interpretation of the bump and grind. Sometimes I think Naomi would do well in Bonnie and Clyde. On the other hand, she could hula with the best of 'em. Add to that their romantic interludes with the percussion instruments, particularly the sandpaper blocks, which still has me laughing, and the total effect becomes satire, meaning and absurdity.

John and Jaime seem almost pallid compared to the extroverts, but their words are spoken by string. Between

them, they produce melody, laughter, flight, sex, all of which lead to the unique bliss among their followers characterized by whoops, hollers and into inevitable cries of PLAY! These actors show how the other half lives, expressing the melody and meaning of the no-nonsense world, as opposed to the histrionics of the maestro.

Credit is also due to the scenery, the setting of the movie. Their story all takes place in Shangri-La, perhaps stolen from the wall of a dirty Los Angeles bar. Hearing this music from the beach of our dreams is exhilarating. It is only a few travelled actors locked in a musical breeze, fractured occasionally by a typhoon.

Yes, I was going to hit the readers up with a review of their style, their intricate vocals, their tight rhythmic motions and their unique musical framework. Alas, but that would be allowing Mother Justice to see, or leading the horse to water.

Truthfully, this is stage theater, as good as any plot around, with personalities vivid, revealing and ridiculous. They are as absurd as the world itself—like Dan arising to introduce a number, only to mumble off his philosophy of boogie, or Naomi maintaining her "top drawer posture" for an entire song, occasionally breathing her story into the world. They're well-choreographed, well steeped in humor, and fresh from a Las Vegas show with all the trimmings. They almost pass for heroes—some liking it hot, others wanting to dance, yet others speaking softly with big sticks. The hitch is this process reverses and changes as time goes on. And, this movie has a happy ending. Yippy-yi-yo-cai-ya!

photo by thom schultz



NAOMI OF DAN HICKS & HIS HOT LICKS

The Bank Bookstore
open 7 days a week
11:00 to 8:00
11th & Harris 734-6910

northwest passage



YES FOLKS

MAKE WHAT YOU WILL OF COMMERCIALISM, BUT WE'RE CONVINCED THAT EVERYONE HAS SOMEONE ON THEIR LIST, SO FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE WE WILL BE OPEN SUNDAY, CHRISTMAS EVE FROM 10-7.

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ALSO LOTS OF GIFTY SMOKING SUPPLIES, CANDLES, A FEW POSTERS, INDIAN TAPESTRIES AND STUFF WE CAN'T THINK OF RIGHT NOW.

SEE YA NEXT YEAR MAYBE

puget sound
1226 N. STATE

Free and Loafing in

by our foreign correspondent-buck meloy

Late November.

La Ventosa, Mexico.

This is a lovely, sun-drenched fishing village of about 50 to 75 inhabitants on the Pacific coast not far west of the top of Central America. "La Ventosa", if I interpret my dictionary accurately, means "the windy place," a name well-deserved if the constant 25 mph winds that have blown unobstructed on us since our arrival yesterday are typical.

The locals are a small, brown people with a slightly oriental look. They're the healthiest, happiest looking ones, on the whole, that we have seen in Mexico. Their livelihood is derived from fishing (one set a day, at sunset,) raising birds and animals, and the tourist trade, which occupies most of their energies during July and August. Thatched huts, some of which also periodically sell seafood meals and rent hammocks on their porches as lodging, are clustered on the water's edge at the tip of the bay. How strange to me that people who see world travelers almost daily remain content with their fixed location, as idyllic as it is.

Our hammocks are, in effect, in some family's living room, there being little formal distinction made between living units and any other space. The bathroom is in any downwind direction, even if that happens to be right next to one's dinner table.

The fact that my Spanish has not yet reached first grade level, in no way deters lengthy and complicated conversations about fishing, people's plans, the local economy, and postage stamps which, apparently, are not commonly seen in the village. All in all, it would appear that the natives enjoy the tourists easily as much as the tourists enjoy the natives.

This does seem like paradise to everyone who has seen it--magnificent broad beaches backed by long green vegetation, deserted, except during evening fishing and when small groups of native women with loaded wash tubs balanced on their heads walk past on their way to the next village 9 kilometers down the beach. One could sit shaded from the sun under a thatched roof with the beach or ocean at one's feet, drinking cold beer or coconut milk, watching the waves or the shrimp fishermen in the lagoon. Though many Mexican tourists

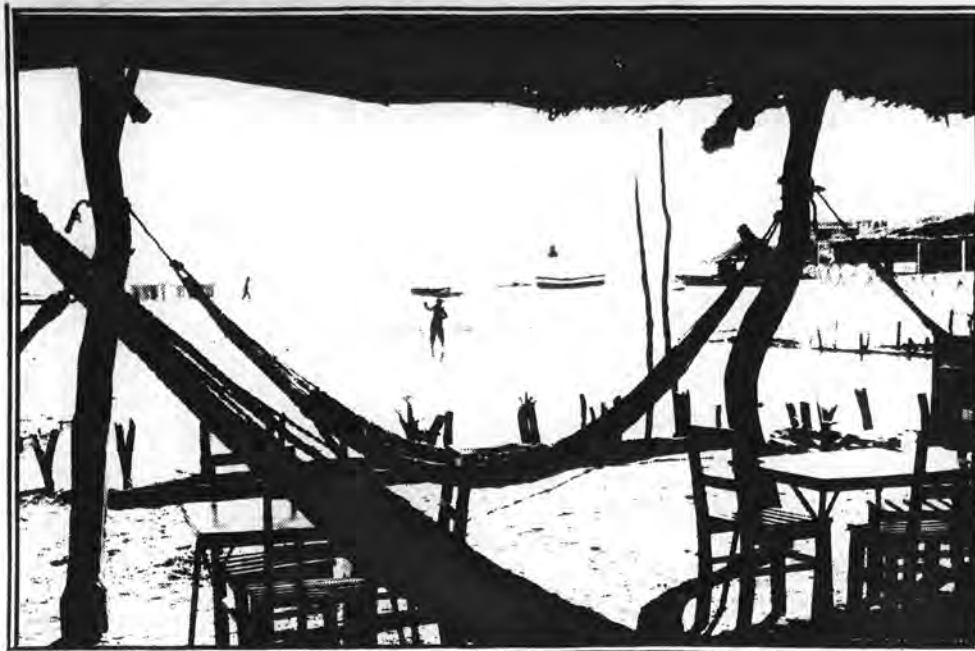
and businessmen day trip here from Salina Cruz for beers or a quick swim, the total absence of any toilet facilities keeps Mr. and Mrs. Middle America away for the moment. One simply goes without water, sipping orange soda and eating tangerines, and shits by the water at low tide. The village's organic garbage goes right into the sea, the rest being burned or dumped in a clearing on the way into town. The road itself is not bad if driven in first gear, though it seems to be corrugated in a fashion designed to wreak maximum havoc on a 1960 Chevy. But the wind has stopped blowing so the dust doesn't get in the car so much.

There is one American living in the village. He has been here for a month and has sort of become a part of one of the beach families which rents hammocks and sells meals to the tourists. I went fishing with him in a lagoon formed by the natural damming of a river mouth 2 kilometers up the beach. We talked as we caught our catfish dinner about the village in our own lives. He had been a junkie until he got on the methadone program in New York. Between welfare, which is available to everyone on the methadone program, and the sale of half his methadone, he saved enough money to move to San Antonio (where he was busted but not convicted for growing grass), and then into Mexico. When his methadone ran out he sought the help of an Indian doctor. She advised the use of magic mushrooms to avoid withdrawal. According to his report, one such trip cured him of his habit without an additional withdrawal symptom.



photos by Buck Meloy

La Ventosa



There are some very strange fish in the lagoon that the natives call "cuatro ojos" for the four eyes they have, two of which watch the world above while the other two watch beneath. They normally swim along the surface but when startled take to the air in a sort of running dance across the top of the water out of harm's way. They are nearly transparent and, except for their skittering dance, normally go unnoticed.

The natives have been playing with me again. Tonight a very marriageable daughter said I should marry her. Much to everyone's amusement, I said I couldn't get married right now because I was going fishing. Most of their amusement, I learned later from the junkie who happens to speak fluent Spanish, resulted from the fact that the Spanish word for "marry" also means "hunt". Which probably explains why I am still single at the age of 32--I "fish" instead of "hunt".

I am now freezing my ass off outside my room in San Cristobal de las Casas. Since the road through San Cristobal goes only to Guatemala from here, this town apparently has become the end of the line for a lot of freak travelers who got this far and ran out of money, or who were not able to get into Guatemala for one reason or another. Like Songfeather, an expatriate American now living on a ranch near town, said, "From here, there is simply no place to go."

That isn't entirely true, however. The only other American I've spoken to, a young freak by the name of Mike, rode a horse into the jungle where he stayed for six months before coming out in another state.

San Cristobal is as different from La Ventosa as Aspen, Colorado would be from tropical Florida. More different, in fact. Though only 200 miles from La Ventosa, San Cristobal, situated in a broad mountain valley nearly 7,000 feet above sea level, is cool during the day and just plain cold at night.

Prosperity is the rule rather than the exception, as evidenced by the existence of not one, but two large television stores. Shops selling expensive clothing, appliances and housewares are scattered all over, rivalled in quantity only by the cheap restaurants which still prepare their food over fires of charcoal brought down from the mountains on burro by some of the hundreds of Indians who spend their days in

town. The local prosperity, here as in the states, does not extend to the Indians, many of whom beg for food from dawn to dusk on the streets. Most, however, seem to derive sufficient income for their needs through the sale of food and hand-made trinkets, charcoal, wood, fruit and grains brought down from the mountains. Several tribes are represented, each speaking a different language. A caste system apparently exists, some tribes looking down on others as being unclean or stupid. The result is extreme poverty for some and relative comfort for the others.

Of one tribe, only the women are here, the men presumably staying at home to tend to the chores there. Large black shawls over their dresses have the effect of making the women nearly invisible. Since they are not even five feet tall, I notice them only because of the large bundles they generally carry balanced on their heads. The men of another tribe wear loose white shirts with the hemline coming fashionably to just below their knees. A third tribe is readily recognized by its tan ponchos, cinched by rope or a leather belt at the waist. The "untouchables" wear whatever cast-off clothing they can come by, much of it American in origin, giving them the appearance of Skid Row winos, though none of them can afford to drink. An exception to this occurred when some of Songfeather's Indian friends got into a bottle of his LSD-spiked whiskey. He had to simply turn his house over to them for the day it took them to come down.

Apart from such accidents and moderate marijuana use by a small proportion of the natives, drugs have been pretty much eliminated from the culture by the Christian missionaries who have been actively attempting to save the heathen in this area for decades. There is little respect among the local American community for the missionaries whose puritanical attitudes and myopic vision are universally ridiculed.

Where the locally grown marijuana came from was a mystery until recently when, as rumor has it, some of the outlying Indian women complained to the police that their men were smoking a new type of cigarette and beating them a lot. The result was the destruction by the army of several tons of unharvested marijuana. Actually, no one here knows the truth of any of this, since, typically, the government has made no statement.

continued on page 22

free and loafing in la ventosa continued...

The presence of government here, by the way, is evident only in the one paved highway, a few graded roads, schools, a municipal building and numerous signs, most of which are now so faded that it is nearly impossible to discern what new civic projects they announce. No one seems particularly bothered by this governmental indifference since most of the projects are designed only to strengthen the federal government by altering or destroying native cultures or to make the removal of natural resources easier. An example of this sort of thing is a new road being constructed through the jungle east of here. The Indians were persuaded of its value to them and are paying one-half of its costs so that government lumber trucks will be able to move freely within the area.

Most of the Indians, even the very aged, look more like children to me than adults. This is particularly a function of their

diminutive stature, most being between only 4 and 5 feet tall. Their child-like gait and movements, their smooth brown skins and small black eyes also contribute to this impression. I often find myself thinking warmly of them, as I would of cute brown puppies, a response apparently similar to that of government officials and merchants who regularly fuck them over without conscience. This attitude towards them undoubtedly reinforces the insecurity and frame of mind that permits them to be so abused to begin with. An endless vicious circle not unlike the one that has perpetuated the victimization of American blacks for so many decades. Such shocking similarities between cultures so different compel me to ask whether there might be some human imperative, some pattern that the human race will faithfully and unwittingly fulfill, some order in which what little justice there is, occurs merely incidentally.

BURP! *i just finished a morningtown pizza*

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There are a lot of places in town to buy alpine skis, but there's only one cross country specialty store.

INSTRUCTIONS RENTALS



Message from La.: A Promise, Not a Threat

continued from page 5

that of an outside agitator. The governor had already discussed how the whole struggle was "controlled and influenced by outsiders" and how, "90 percent of the students, if they were left alone and not intimidated, would return to their classes." Not agriculture major Leonard Douglass Brown, the first of seven children to attend college. Mr. Brown's body was identified on Sunday.

The Case of the Waxing and Waning Buckshot — In later press conferences, Governor Edwards tried to claim that the pellets in the two bodies were number 2 buckshot, while the standard police load was 00, or maybe the other way around. It was pointed out that the standard riot gun load is number 3, and sure enough, that's what coroner Landry came up with, once he gave up on his shrapnel story.

We are talking here about pellets the size of a .22 short. Buckshot size gets larger as the numbers get smaller. This leads to a mystery the governor hasn't tried to use. Number 3 buckshot comes about twelve pellets to the shell. There were seventeen pellets in the two dead men, plus a few in the wounded men, plus whatever chipped the wall. This raises considerable problems with the Governor's pet mystery:

The Mystery of the Misloaded Shell — Friday, the Governor suggested that in all the excitement, a deputy might have loaded a live shotgun shell instead of a tear gas shell. As the governor explained, the two shells are indistinguishable at "that" distance (pointing at a row of chairs ten feet away). An untrained man could easily make this mistake. Problem: guns are not loaded from a distance of ten feet. Problem: all of the armed men present were trained. Problem: too many pellets. Problem: the governor raised, denied, raised, and denied this theory over the next two days. Let's just call this the Lone, Blind, Untrained, On-again, Off-again Assassin theory.

The Case of the Strange Assassination Rumors — The Governor claimed that eight or ten Southern students had banded together to kill him. "This kind of thing is a way of life for those of us in public life," he commented bravely.

Students from SUBR tried to reach reporters with their stories. Some of them felt that the police were aiming at a well-known "leader" in the area near the two men who were killed. The leader escaped death only by the accident of stooping to pick up a gas grenade. "If that were so," commented the Governor, "we didn't get the right ones. But those kinds of charges are just silly."

The common denominator of all the Governor's charges is that they imply the students, not the police, killed the two men at Baton Rouge. "It is incontrovertible that there would have been no violence if the students had not acted first," Edwards said Friday, adding that even if the police had fired shots he would not blame them.

SECRET INQUEST

It took four days for the Governor of Louisiana to do what the City Manager of Cambridge figured out in a day: Sweep the whole thing out of the news with a secret inquest that requires witnesses to keep silent, lest they prejudice the courts. Monday Governor Edwards dumped the whole mess onto his potential political opponent, Attorney General William Guste, who proceeded to name an impressive Commission including Turner Catledge (formerly with the New York Times), several blacks and two SUNO students.

One must ask, after Orangeburg, Berkeley, Kent, Jackson, and Baton Rouge, why is it that the press always makes the same mistakes? They do not seem to pick up a developing struggle until someone is killed. On doing so they subordinate the causes, in

favor of detailed and contradictory explanations of the specific event. Such explanations rely on official sources, and quote the rebels only to answer the most outrageous official lies, several days after they have influenced public opinion.

It would seem that the press prefers to report apolitical murders, sex scandals, and minor internal disagreements in the government. It would seem that the press does not like to report conditions which call for change. It would seem that this reluctance is especially strong when people have succeeded in organizing some kind of protest. It would seem that the tactics of that protest, which might be applied elsewhere, are taboo, newswise.

But it is the holy task of American journalism to describe in the most frightening detail how the government finally succeeded in suppressing that protest.

At the risk of being called biased, this reporter suggests that the message from Louisiana is not a threat, but a promise.

* * * *

Editor's Note: The previous article was reprinted from the November 28th issue of Boston After Dark. Since this article first appeared, events have concurred with the conclusions drawn by the students involved in the protest.

The bi-racial commission appointed by Louisiana's Attorney General to investigate the two murders established that the shots came from the ranks of sheriff's deputies who were on campus to police the demonstration.



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WWSC Center for Continuing Studies announces the

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Jan. 4, 7:00 p.m.
 Music Auditorium

THE ILLUSTRATED MAN

Jan. 11, 7:00 p.m.
 Music Auditorium

KWAIDAN

Jan. 18, 7:00 p.m.
 Music Auditorium

DEAD OF NIGHT

Jan. 25, 7:00 p.m.
 Music Auditorium

QUEEN OF SPADES

Feb. 1, 7:00 p.m.
 Music Auditorium

BRINGING UP BABY

Feb. 8, 7:00 p.m.
 Lecture Hall 4

PASSPORT TO PIMLICO

Feb. 15, 7:00 p.m.
 Lecture Hall 4

I'M NO ANGEL

Feb. 22, 7:00 p.m.
 Music Auditorium

BELLES OF ST. TRINIANS

March 1, 7:00 p.m.
 Lecture Hall 4

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

March 8, 7:00 p.m.
 Music Auditorium

Admission: \$.75 Students

\$1.25 General Admission

Series tickets are available at a savings of \$1.50

Volunteer!

Most people of this day and age have gone job hunting at one time or another and have been told that although we could probably do the job all right, we lacked the training and experience needed; we just were not qualified. Well if you had had a chance of proving yourself you could have shown them that you were probably just as good if not better but you couldn't even get past the receptionist. With the need for experience now considered more important than a degree, the Whatcom Volunteer Center can now help you get past the receptionist and into that job that you really wanted to do.

The Whatcom Volunteer Center can

get you into an organization that you wish to work with as a volunteer. Then if you prove yourself to the people there you could stand a good chance for placement in that group as you would now have that desperately needed experience.

If it could involve helping someone who is down and lonely, we know hundreds of people, any one of whom would appreciate your conversation.

If you belong to a group that entertains people in any way, you can honestly thrill people who have been forgotten by this community by only the factor of their age; both younger and older.



It's cold! Plastic on the windows.

Adulterant of the Month

In the late 60s San Francisco's freaks started eating a blue tab with a peace symbol stamped on the front, the history of the Peace Pill had begun.

At first everyone seemed to be having a good time, but as they took more of it they realized more too; the Peace Pill was a bummer.

Repeated use of this drug causes acute paranoia, often reported to be worse than speed. It is also considered to be the major contributor to the numerous bad trips reported. As things turn out the active ingredient was phencyclidine hydrochloride, alias P.C.P., jet fuel, serlyn, and when used to treat mint or tobacco leaves, angel's dust or angel's hair.

As people found out more and passed the word pushers had a harder time selling it. Then when the news media started to report the synthesis of T.H.C. in labs, and everyone got excited about getting hold of some, dealers had a simple answer for the demand. P.C.P. was no longer being bought as the Peace Pill, it had turned into synthetic T.H.C. over night.

P.C.P. is a cheap, simple drug to make, it is also a very stable and potent compound. For ripoff chemists and dealers this is great. For the rest of us it is a real bummer.

P.C.P. is commonly found as a substitute for or adulterant of other

compounds and is often sold to the unwary head as mescaline, peyote, psilycybin, and still as T.H.C. Since it is a stable compound it can be smoked, thus it is found in weed and hash. It can also be snorted or injected so it is also found in coke and smack. In fact there is no drug I can think of that would be immune to P.C.P. adulteration.

Legally P.C.P. is classified as an addictive tranquilizer with hallucinogenic properties under schedule II of the current drug laws. Possession on a first offense could get you 5 to 10 years. It is also important to note that the Parke Davis Co., who is the only firm which produces it legally in the U.S. specifies that it is for use only in animals and is unsafe for use during pregnancy.

All in all P.C.P. is a great drug if you dig ripping off people, or if you want to experience a bummer, or take a chance with the child you're carrying.

A special thank to:

Legal aids in room 217 of the Viking Union on W.W.S.C. campus for researching the legal aspects of P.C.P. for us. Their phone (in case you ever need a question answered or get busted) is 676-3460.

Chris Wright, Drug info. W.W.S.C. room 221, phone 676-3460



Community

We've got an offer you can't possibly refuse.

This winter Huxley and Fairhaven will be offering a joint seminar on the "new community". The co-ordinators of the seminar would like as many people from the Bellingham area as possible to participate and give their views. There is no charge for non-students.

"This seminar will be an attempt to design a real and workable community rather than a dreamy utopia. The course will be considered a success if a group can put the design into effect and actually build the community. We need people who will think and who can work together to identify and solve the immense problems inherent in evolving an entirely new system which is at once independent and yet aware of, and in contact with, the larger society. This is not a commune

or a simple back-to-nature thing nor a continuation of unthinking technology. It is an attempt to take people as they really are, with their needs and weaknesses, and build a better community in which they can realize a fuller personal potential than in the depersonalized, mechanistic society which we now inhabit. It will require a lot of hard work."

"We will be open to all ideas and hope to help people get started on 3 or 4 different types of community. The idea is to try to get enough people and ideas together to generate some real possibilities."

The first meeting will be January 9 at 7 pm in the Fairhaven College Auditorium. For more information call Lee Doughty at 734-3196 or Lynn Robbins at 676-0998.



Passing out "Human Rights Coalition" leaflets at the Christmas parade downtown

Human Rights Action Coalition

Various activists and community groups had their regular meeting, Dec. 10, under the auspices of the Human Rights Action Coalition. Topics of discussion included the sex discrimination in Bellingham bars which offer "ladies night" type discounts. The discussion was triggered by publicity for a WWSC Rugby Club kegger at which women were admitted at a lower price than men. Individuals said they would check with some of the local taverns on this matter and a lawyer will be consulted if any legal action seems appropriate.

Means of coping with the commercial development in Fairhaven area were discussed and plans are being made for a community survey. Volunteers are being sought to canvass the community in an effort to get a real picture of the feelings of Southside

residents.

Another issue brought up at the potluck dinner meeting was the legalization of raw milk. Presently it is illegal to sell raw milk in the city limits of Bellingham. County residents are able to buy certified raw milk, however, and many city residents are being forced to drive out of town to buy their raw milk. No one volunteered to work on this project though. This is our big chance.

Information is now being gathered about putting public service messages on the local radio stations concerning these and other issues of importance to the community.

If you would like to work on any of these projects or if you have ideas for other projects you would like some help with call 676-8616

News



After the Bulldozer: where our co-op garden was, subsoil and gravel---soon a cyclone fence.

photos by Chuck Espey

Fairhaven Gardens

Affidavits are still needed from the persons involved in or witnessing the confrontation in Fairhaven. Affidavits may be brought to the Food Co-op. Information call 734-9446.

Kenneth Imus will be back in town around Dec. 18, and there may be a meeting with a few members of the community. Details in the next issue.



Use your recycle center, 21st St., just north of College Parkway.

Winter Art

The Winter Art Film Series begins Thursday, January 4 with the ever-popular 7th Tournee of Animation. Tickets are \$.75 for Students, \$1.25 for General Admission. For information on the other Winter films, see, clip, and save the Continuing Studies ad in this issue.



Council Notes

Dec. 4, was city council time again and this was the week the petitions against the U.S. destruction of Southeast Asia were presented. A slide show on the air war was also shown to the council and members of the public.

After the roll call, Southside Counciller Mitch Kink asked for an amendment to the agenda so that a letter on the Fairhaven demonstration and the police report could be read and people could speak with the council. It passed.

The public hearing section of the meeting passed fairly quickly. Council tabled two bills-- one because the petitioner was not present. They passed one alley vacation. Bye, Bye, alley.

Council then had to consider whether to allow the slide show to be presented. It was moved and passed after some silence. Jeff Kronenberg and Don Alford of the Human Rights Action Coalition then set up. Council time would not have to have been used if permission had been granted to set up before the meeting. There is no reason why, when people from the community put together presentations to the council, there should be any question about the right to make these presentations. It seems that one of the functions of City Council is to carry on public discussion and not to hurry through the agenda while getting very little community input.

Before the slide show, petitions with 1,024 Bellingham residents signatures were presented by Chris Laing. The mayor commented that there were signatures from Vancouver, Canada to Santa Ana, California but was informed by Chris that those signatures were not counted.

When the slide show started there was the feeling of "here we go again", but the city officials soon became interested in viewing and even the mayor started watching where some of

the air dropped sensors were shown. Many weapons and types of warfare that people don't like to think about were given a public airing.

The chamber was silent following the presentation and Ron Sorensen got up to read a poem and was given permission when he said it wouldn't take much time. The definition of "not much time" came into question and many people became agitated. Paul Davis spoke in favor of the petition and talked about military prisons in Vietnam. Michael Falco also spoke for the petitions.

Council ducked the issue after councilperson David Porter (1st ward) said he'd introduce resolution against all war and Stewart Fitzsinger (at large) said, "It goes without saying that we are all against the war." But because of the recent "landslide" and because it "might affect negotiations", it went without saying. The petitions were accepted and placed on file.

Assistant Police Chief Burley's report was read next followed by a letter to speak on the Fairhaven demonstration. Council didn't want to talk about this much and refused to investigate the way the police handled themselves. It was pointed out that there were many discrepancies in the police report.

In reports of Boards and Committees the planning commission recommended SR 11 be named Valley Parkway. If people want another name they should be there Monday, Dec. 18, to speak out. There were other ordinances and resolutions introduced involving Local Improvement District Assessments and setting up administration of the new charter.

In new business Don Alford asked again for an investigation and the mayor stopped him from talking. Paul Davis asked for reconsideration of the petition. This notion from the stands was defeated. The meeting was closed.



Paul Davis, of the Vietnam Vets, speaks with Mitch Kink.

Christmas Trees

Live trees can be obtained at de Wilde's Nursery on Northwest Avenue or Girards also on Northwest.

If you dig your own tree take any variety under 6 feet. Keep the roots in a ball of dirt for the best results. After you've got the tree out of the ground place it in burlap and tie the diagonal corners encasing the roots.

Put the tree in a pot away from the

heat and drafts. Give it plenty of water, sun and air, just for thrills. When replanting the tree leave the burlap on. The new roots will grow through the burlap and take hold when the soil warms.

Whatcom Parks will take all trees that can't be planted or you can leave your tree at 1226 State with the plant people.

LETTERS

Radical vision

Alone and Lonely

Dear Editor:

I am an inmate of the Southern Ohio Correctional Facility. Five years of imprisonment has proved to be a tragic experience for me. My confinement has not only left me bereft of former friends and associates, but also of both parents. Many people seriously have no accurate conception of what it means to be both confined and lonely. There is even something abjectly desolate in the word "lonely"—something unspeakably horrible and sad.

Just as "I am all alone" is perhaps the saddest of all sentences to have to utter with regard to oneself, so it is with loneliness seeking friendship, companionship, and love—or, loneliness having never experienced such things in their true perspective, is one of the most sterile, and most thwarting of all human conditions. For here in my little mansion of doom, I am all alone. . . I am lonely and sick at heart. . . I am in serious need of an understanding heart and mind. I do not have friends or a family, and I do not receive letters. Will you please print this letter in the hope that someone will extend a warm hand in friendship? my humble thanks to you Dear Editor for your altruistic consideration, sincerely,

Herman Joseph Miller
No. 126-769
P. O. Box 787
Lucasville, Ohio 45648.



Dear Passage

A very important thing that I think that the Passage might do is to encourage people who have had some extended or at any rate experience in some aspect of the counterculture, above all involving the people to people thing (alternatives to the nuclear family, stable pairs within a broader group or collective, working collectives such as the Cap Hill Coop, the NWP, Day Creek School, or what have you (Joyce Gardner did such a job with her 'Cold Mountain Farm'). As important as is the mastering of the technologies of the counter culture, farming, building, crafts, cooking, etc., they are not an end in themselves and without the dynamic of the radical vision, the experience of the trade unions, the pension and welfare movements, the early suffragets will be repeated. Feeding the liberal apologists of the welfare, warfare, imperialist system.

So once again, I guess the main job of the Passage in my mind is to give that radical vision life by showing freaks, who, through their lives and institutions, are giving that vision flesh and blood and although now "as voices crying in the wilderness" are still our best promise of a better world to come.

Affectionately,
Bill Corr, Sr.



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The humble, the small by kirie pedersen

Briefing for a Descent into Hell (Alfred A Knopf, 1971) 278 pp. paperback.

The Temptation of Jack Orkney and other Stories (Alfred A. Knopf, 1972) 308 pp. hardback.

In her latest work, Doris Lessing has again transcended herself. *The Temptation of Jack Orkney*, a collection of short stories, takes one a long way from the subjectivity of *The Golden Notebook* or the despair of *The Four Gated City* into a new fictional realm. This book offers not only new models of the short story form, but new models from which contemporary society can view itself.

The form these short stories take is dramatically different from the epic attempts of her previous works. Here, rather than try to portray the entire history and evolution of society in a single leviathan work, she touches on the small, the humble. The stories are anti-stories, non-stories, unlikely trips and turns of the writer's imagination which in turn open the reader's eyes to new visions of the earth, of people, and of society. She does tell stories -- of an old gypsy and her cat, seeking a place to die, of an old man seeking simplicity and peace in a world which denies him, or an aging prostitute whose body becomes the avenue of liberation for a young man -- but they refuse to be merely stories, and enter the realm of myth.

The Temptation of Jack Orkney ranges from story within a story to science fiction to anti-story, each story different, unique, not only from the story preceding it, but from any story I have ever read. I was left with a sense of delight and reverence for the small, the unseen, the forgotten. The stories are a cry to care, to act, to continue to live, vignettes of vision and gentle yet adamant perception.

"The Story of a Non-marrying Man" evokes a narrative tradition now almost destroyed by television-created mythology. It is a story to be passed by word of mouth, sitting around a fire some penumbral evening, although Lessing's skill with words returns it again to the realm of great art. The protagonist, Johnie Blackworthy, becomes a mythical figure, as suggested by his name: he, unlike the white natives of Rhodesia, who scorn him for "going native", is worthy of blackness, which Lessing here uses as synonymous with life.

The second story in the book concerns an old gypsy woman pushed out of her apartment by the rezoning of her neighborhood. As the first story, it breaks the writer's rule: Don't write about old people, sick people, dying people, as they are not interesting. Write about young heroes and heroines setting forth on great quests, conquest. Instead, Lessing's stories are in many ways stories of age. There is a sense here that Lessing herself has come of age, of a calm and a wisdom beyond the fear evoked in her earlier works. In "Mrs. Fortesque", for example, Lessing tells the story of a young man's simultaneous initiation into the tired world of his parents, and the bright and flashy world of his sister. The young man learns that Mrs. Fortesque, the elderly woman who has always lived upstairs, is a prostitute. He rapes her, crying "you filthy whore".

"That wasn't very nice, was it dear?" says Mrs. Fortesque, as he pulls away, nauseated by the pink of her gown, the red carpet, "the room built of flesh."

"Report on the Threatened City", a high point of the book, seems a continuation of the images Lessing sought to create in *Briefing for a Descent Into Hell*, a novel which came out last year. The novel, which probes the mind of a man torn between the real world and the world of his fantasies, seems somehow less concise, less assertive, than the short story. In the story, the Beings of Light from a more enlightened planet than earth, try to warn the inhabitants of a large city that within five years their entire city will be destroyed by some huge catastrophe. But the inhabitants are deadened by passivity, deadened by the patterns and acceptance of violence and destruction into which they have been born. The old respond to the repeated warnings with suspicion, anger at interruption of their dreams of the good life, while the youth respond by creating songs, by throwing themselves into the sea, by saying "That's what's happening, isn't it? It's real bad, isn't it?" The story shocked me into ever-present images of my own.

—San Francisco is built on a huge fault in the earth, and will eventually fall into the sea.

—In twenty years, there will not be enough space for the population of the world to survive if it continues to grow at its present rate.

—The entire ocean will be polluted by the year 2000.

—The United States alone has enough atomic, nuclear and biological warfare to destroy the entire world 15½ times.

—Even if the Vietnam war were to cease immediately, it would take the country over a hundred years even to begin to repair the damage done to the soil, to the thousands of uprooted families, to the minds of the children...

Ridiculous! Enough of that! We're sick of hearing about sad things. Let's talk about something nice.....

And the story takes me back to this morning, when I stood waiting for the bus at the beginning of the Truck Route, nee The Happy Valley Parkway. An endless stream of cars zoomed by on that 4-lane strip of cement. I tried to remember that it was once a series of open meadows, the only life an occasional Great Blue heron, a killdeer, or a grazing cow.

Now we have not only the truck route, but FOR SALE signs planted every 300 feet along its length; the beautiful old house that used to stand nearby has been burned down to make way for a truck stop, a gas station, and restaurant. The developers of the route and of the Southside march in with more trucks, more concrete. We who live here sit back to wait for the inevitable, and sing songs of despair.There is nothing to be done....

Or is there? On the one hand, Lessing's story made me believe in light. I, like the inhabitants of the threatened city, want to be taken by the beings of light who will save me from this planet. No, not from this planet, but from the beings who inhabit this planet, pave it over with concrete, stud it with highways, plastic bridging, bomb craters. I want to wait on a hill by the coast and be absorbed into the discs of light, the beings of light that are the only hope for this planet and its people.

But on the other hand, there is no mythical planet that can save us from ourselves or give us a better world. Thus, Lessing is telling us to preserve our SENSE of light, but most of all, she tells us to act. Those of us seeking to change this world and ourselves must preserve our sense of evocation, of revolution, of goal; we must train ourselves for survival, for love and for new ways.

Western's magazine of the arts, is now accepting contributions for the 1972-1973 issue.



Jeopardy



This year, Jeopardy is striving for a symphonic composition, an embodiment of those subtle innuendos that reflect the harmonious currents pervading our lives; an evocation of those intangible but dynamic, melodies that establish our faith in some cohesive force that unites us all, as human beings.

Writers:

Poetry
Prose, fiction and non-fiction
1000 words maximum

Concise eloquence is preferred

Deadline: January 15, 1973

(Stamped, self-addressed envelope with submissions)

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Pen and ink, charcoal, paintings
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Joie B. Fukumoto,
Editor

Office: Viking Union 218



Thoughts of Thiamine

Of all the nutrients needed by the human body for optimum health, the B vitamins rank among those most important. This group of vitamins includes thiamine (B1), riboflavin (B2), niacin (B3), pyridoxine (B6), cobalamin (B12), pantoic acid (B5), laetrile (B17), folacin (Vitamin M), inositol, biotin, choline, and pantothenic acid. The role of some of these nutrients in human nutrition is still debatable and not soundly established, whereas others have proven vital to normal functioning of the body. Let's take a closer look at the first vitamin on the list: thiamine.

Thiamine (vitamin B1) is classically termed the antiberiberi factor. It is among the list of nutrients established to be necessary for human nutrition. Extreme lack of thiamine in the diet causes a condition known as beriberi, and is characterized by fatigue, loss of appetite and weight, digestive disturbance, neuritis, and sometimes paralysis in severe cases. Even slight deficiencies may cause bum states of mind, such as anxiety and depression, along with such hassles as constipation and lack of energy.

Why is thiamine so important to the body? The answer lies in the fact that it is an integral part of an enzyme system responsible for the breakdown of carbohydrates. Without the breakdown of carbohydrate, the body cannot obtain glucose, a simple sugar which provides energy for all cellular activities (except skeletal tissue). Thus, a lack of thiamine will have a fairly "heavy" effect on the entire body. Two important areas affected are the brain and nerves, which derive most of their energy from the oxidation of carbohydrates.

Since a good revolution is a healthy revolution, it is important to make sure we all get enough thiamine. But how much is enough? Opinions greatly differ, but here are some numbers from two traditional authorities on nutrition. Remember that thiamine is a water-soluble vitamin, and is not stored in the body. Therefore, a regular intake of B1 is necessary.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

Adults:
 Women (18-35 yrs) 1.2 mg daily
 Men (18-35 yrs) 1.5 mg daily
 Children:
 Girls (12-15 yrs) 1.4 mg daily
 Boys (12-15 yrs) 1.5 mg daily

WORLD HEALTH ORGANIZATION

Adults:
 Women .9 mg daily
 Men 1.3 mg daily
 Children:
 Girls 1.0 mg daily
 Boys 1.2 mg daily

According to Catharyn Elwood, "from 1.0 to 1.4 milligrams of vitamin B1 have been recommended for a normal healthy adult. To allow a margin of safety, try always to get a minimum of three to four milligrams daily, and two to four times that amount when very active or under stress."

Although B1 is necessary, let's not O.D. (over-dose) on it. It is known that thiamine in excess of body needs is excreted in the urine. Even though the National Academy of Sciences reports that "no toxic effects of thiamine in man have been reported following the ingestion of thiamine in doses up to 25,000 times the maintenance dose," why waste money or overeat in order to nutrify the toilet bowl?

Next to be considered is where one may find adequate sources of thiamine. Foods high in B1 are wheat germ (2.0 mg per 100 grams), rice polish (1.84 mg per 100 grams), and brewer's yeast (15.6 mg per 100 grams). All animal and plant tissues contain thiamine, however the only real important stores are in the seeds of plant. A reliable source, Sir Stanley Davidson, states that "the germ of cereals, nuts, peas, beans, and other pulses and in addition yeast, are the only rich sources." Being a water soluble vitamin, thiamine is not found naturally in butter, or any animal or vegetable oil. It is, however, found in considerable quantities in pork products. Other foods high in thiamine content are liver, soybeans, soybean flour, milk, barley, whole wheat flour, whole buckwheat, and peanut flour.

Significant losses also result from oxidation, as in the use of rapidly boiling water to cook vegetables; exposure to alkali, as in the destructive practice of using baking soda to preserve the color of fresh vegetables during cooking; exposure to heat, as in the prolonged use of extreme temperatures during cooking; and exposure to irradiation, as in irradiation procedures sometimes used in food preservation.

Besides cooking losses, let's not forget that "nutritional crime" is perpetuated against thiamine and the rest of the B vitamins on perhaps a larger scale during the milling of wheat. The nice pure white flour is used to make Wonder bread and other horrors, while the wheat germ is fed to cattle as a supplement. Real American logic.

FOOD FREAKS
 by jeff kronenberg



It is at this time I would like to take issue to a statement made by Helen Guthrie, author of **Introductory Nutrition** a textbook used in a home-economics course at Western Washington State College. In her discussion of food sources of thiamine she states: "Dried brewer's yeast and wheat germ, both rich in thiamine, assume little importance in the American diet because of infrequency of their use." A statement like this one may tend to turn-off a budding young nutritionist to considering the growing importance of these foods in our nation's diet. Those individuals seeking an alternative to plastic Safeway foods are utilizing these nutritious natural products more every day.

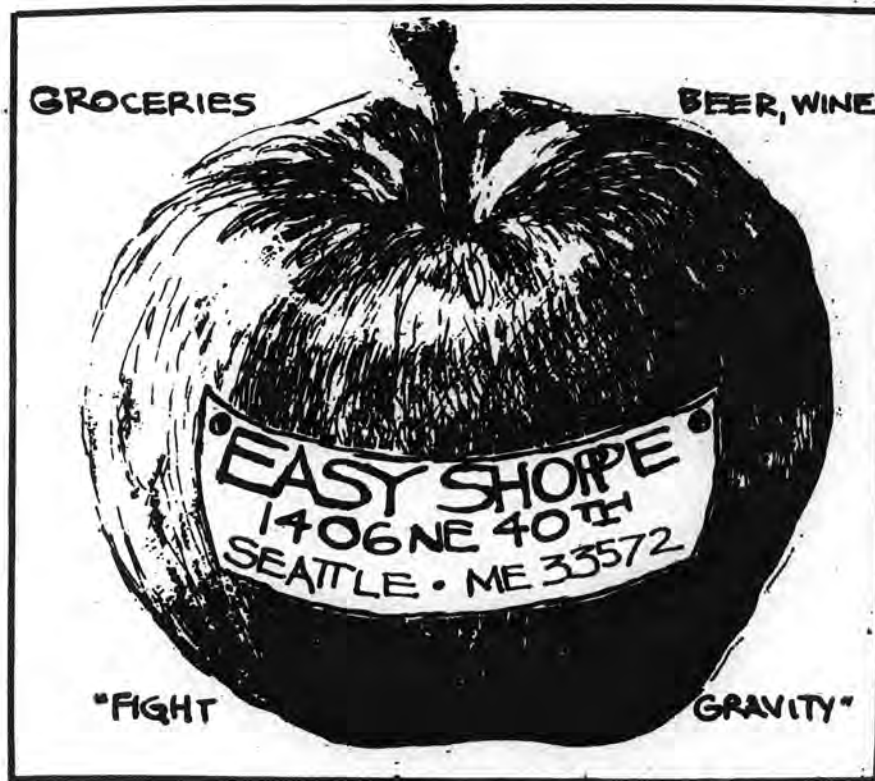
Other factors relating to diet may influence thiamine utilization. On the positive side, a substance in onion and garlic oils known as alliin, combines with thiamine to form *alliithiamin*, a form in which the vitamin may be more readily absorbed. On the negative side, certain foods may actually inhibit the use of thiamine in the body. Those of you who trip out on raw carp, clams, shrimp, mussels, and bracken fern: beware!!! These foods contain thiaminase, an enzyme which is "thiamine-splitting." To solve this dilemma.....cook those clams. Thiaminase is destroyed by the heat in cooking.

Finally, a definite consideration in the discussion of any vitamin is the matter of cooking losses. Passmore and Davidson inform us that "of the B group vitamins, thiamine is the most sensitive to heat and in some cooking processes up to 30 per cent may be destroyed..." Due to the water soluble nature of this vitamin, it will leach out into water used in any cooking process. Thus, it is important to minimize the length of time a food is in contact with water and the amount of surface area exposed to water.



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TOAD HALL

Despite rumors, Toad Hall is still in the cellar of the Bank Bldg in Fairhaven. And yes, we will continue to serve you the best pizza around -- as long as we can. Come down to the Toad; you won't have to watch bulldozers.

food trips—

Diet of Eggplants, Orlando, Fla., 1956.

— observe undercover zucchinis —

The history of the eggplant is shrouded in mystery, obscured by a paucity of detail. Ferguson and Bruun's *Survey of European Civilization* doesn't mention it once. Neither does Howard Sachar's *The Course of Modern Jewish History*. What we know about it comes mainly from oral traditions, the free exchange of anecdotes and recipes.

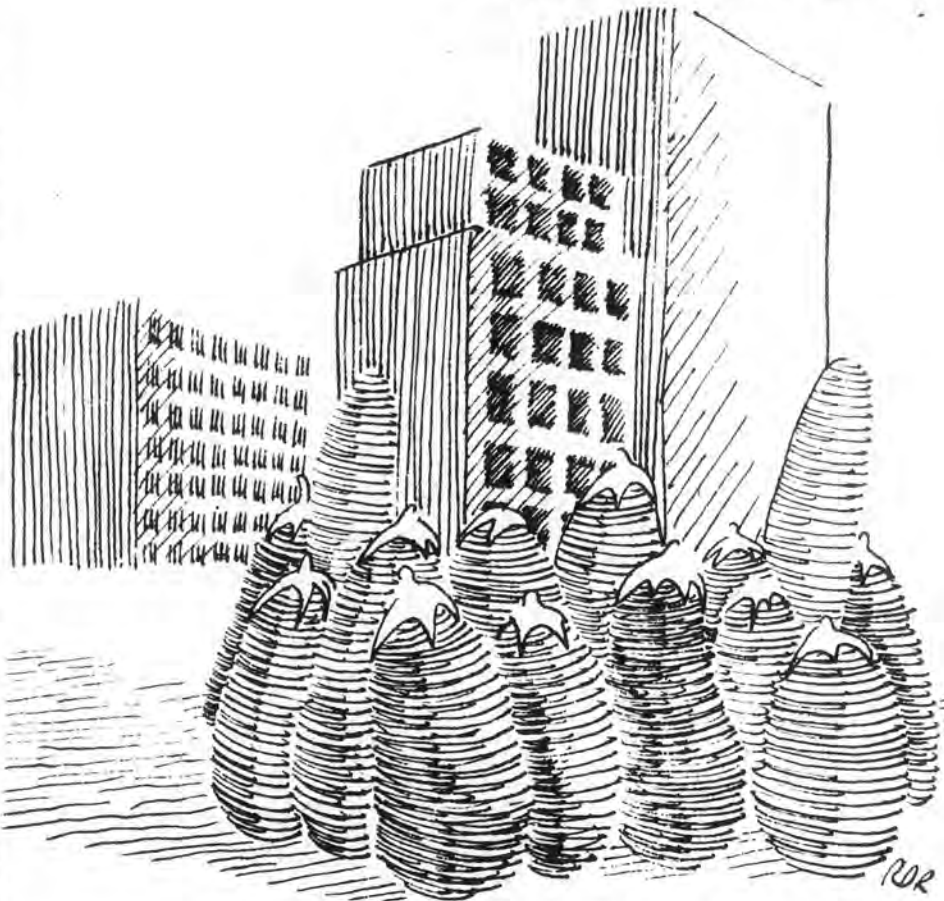
We now understand that the eggplant's history is not as virtuous as once imagined. Its heritage has often been as dark as its skin; as soiled as that of the carrot; as full of persecution as that of iceberg lettuce; as riddled with sexual intrigue as that of the pomegranate. Although there have always been substantial populations of admirers, the aubergine has been manipulated, mutilated, and misunderstood by the cretinous masses. It has endured long periods of ignominy which later revivals failed to redress. For instance, it is generally believed that very little of note was prepared using eggplant during the second half of the eighteenth century. The Jacobins, despite their anarchist fervor and incipient vegetarianism, ignored it completely.

It has been found in the best and worst of company. It has flirted with tahini and garlic in *baba ghanouj* and then it has been caught in 85c pubs late on Saturday night. It has been in the deceptively simple Broiled Eggplant Maitre d'Hotel, Bigne di Melanzane, Aubergine as Gratin a la Languedocienne, au Gratin a la Reine, au Gratin a la Toulousaine... Frankly, the list is endless. In short, eggplant has been both exalted on the finest tables, then condemned to inferior dishes. It has been the royal garnish and the shady underground figure of numberless casseroles.

But whatever its part, it is empowered mightily. Imam Baaldi, the name of a Turkish eggplant dish, means "the priest has fainted." A certain imam is supposed to have fainted from joy at the fragrance of the dish. Such strong reactions have become less and less frequent, though in 1970 a Brookline housewife became light-headed after tasting Egyptian aubergines with rice. The aging angel in Garcia Marquez's story "A Very Old Man" "in the end... ate nothing but eggplant mush." This endorsement has raised questions about eggplant's divine qualities. An eggplant lies very close to the heart of John Barth's "The Sot-Weed Factor," as an agent of virility. Indeed, the aubergine's sexual properties are well known; I'm acquainted with a young architect who once held an eggplant for hours in order to quell his passion.

Let's go back for a minute. The aubergine is the fruit of a plant allegedly found in India, though Andre Launay cites Arabia as its home. These minor disputes we will leave to the academics. Thompson and Kelly tell us in their classic, "Vegetable Crops," that the eggplant can be recognized from descriptions published as early as the 5th century. It travelled widely in Asia before taking in Western Europe, reportedly arriving in Oostend, England in 1857. Since, it has also established itself in South America, Africa, and the United States.

Although epicures and agronomists differ on many historical details, most people believe the aubergine wasn't cultivated in France until the beginning of the 17th Century, when it became acquainted with zucchini (courgettes), a fruitful alliance which produced ratatouille.



A Short History of the Eggplant

Because of its many shapes and sizes, eggplant has had to assume many aliases such as Barbentine aubergine, the round purple aubergine, the New York Giant or the New York Improved aubergine, and the round Chinese aubergine. Here in America, there's the Black Beauty, the Fort Meyers Market, the Florida High Bush, the New York Spineless, and the Florida Beauty. The English name "eggplant" derives from the resemblance of a rare white form of aubergine to a hen's egg.

What else can we know about the eggplant? We know that it requires a long, warm growing season, five months of frost-free weather and that the plant can be harvested and is edible from one-third grown until fully ripe. We recall that it is a favorite dish of the Colorado Potato Beetle as well as the Italians and that it belongs to the Solanaceae, or nightshade family. We haven't forgotten that it is 92.4 percent water (still running well behind cucumber at 95.1 percent), 5.6 percent carbohydrates, 0.2 percent fat, 1.2 percent protein.

But, really, aren't we interested in something beyond these tedious bits of information? I am holding an eggplant in my hand right now. The Oxford Book of Food Plants informs me that "the fruit is a glossy, firm-fleshed berry," but I'm not so sure. I have the feeling that this globular fruit is more than that, something more than the sum of observable fact. I'm aware that people seem to be celebrating an awful lot of fruits and vegetables lately (even the gooseberry has received its share of copy, but I think we actually do have something here with the eggplant, the inscrutable, somber, pregnant eggplant. The mutable eggplant. Frying, baking, broiling, stuffing, and marinating change it, but do not touch its soul.

Brownie's (a vegetarian restaurant) in New York makes mock hamburgers out of it. There is a macrobiotic toothpaste made from it. But it cannot be destroyed.

The versatile eggplant never gives itself away completely. Not festive like the tomato, nor leafy like escarole, nor ascendant like the artichoke, but firm, and laconic, like the eggplant.

The aubergine comes to us in our dreams, the vegetable anima, a dark, edible incubus, our "shadow self." If the eggplant does not reunite us with our own truth, no vegetable does. If eggplant doesn't place our salvation within reach, no vegetable does. Sometimes I think we are never closer to ourselves than when we're eating it.

I hope you didn't think I was going to leave you in a lyrical lurch like that without giving you any recipes. Not that we need any more, Lord knows, but few people can suppress their desire to reconcile themselves with the eggplant, for which favorite recipes serve as a strategy.

Dodo here at the paper offered the following one and although I've already made a rude remark about eggplant casseroles, her ratatouille/eggplant parmigiana synthesis deserves a try:

(for 8 servings)
place in a deep skillet: 1/3 cup olive oil

saute: 2 cloves of garlic
2/3 cup onion, thinly sliced
add: 1 lb. grated cheese
2 cups peeled tomatoes
3 julienned green peppers
3 cups zucchini, thinly sliced
3 cups peeled, diced eggplant (salt and let sit first for an hour)

Combine well, season with salt, fresh ground pepper, and oregano. Sprinkle a little more olive oil on top. Simmer

over very low heat for 40 minutes in a covered casserole. Uncover and top casserole with strips of mozzarella, muenster, provolone, whatever cheese you're fond of. Cook uncovered for ten more minutes until liquid has reduced. Eat.

The October issue of *Gourmet* magazine contributes this eggplant sauce for pasta:

(for 4 servings) Sauté 2 garlic cloves in 1/4 cup olive oil until they are golden. Then remove them. Then sauté 1 sweet roasted pepper, diced, and 1 green pepper, diced; for 10 minutes. Add a 1 lb. eggplant, peeled and cut into 1/2 inch cubes, and 8 pitted, ripe olives, chopped. Simmer and stir mixture for ten minutes, then add 6 peeled, seeded, and chopped tomatoes. Simmer ten more minutes, adding a few anchovy filets, chopped, a tb. of capers and a tb. of basil. Salt to taste, and serve over 1 lb. of cooked pasta.

What we've failed to speak of so far is one of eggplant's most important characteristics: its stuffability. No other food quite so easily accommodates so many others, quite so graciously provides a home (though there are those who insist on siding with green peppers). What I like to do is dump some large aubergines in boiling water for ten, fifteen, twenty minutes. Remove them and cut lengthwise. With a small knife and a spoon or whatever utensils the consistency of the flesh requires, hollow out each half, being careful to leave maybe half an inch of flesh.

Now, rather than constrain yourself with one of the countless recipes for stuffed eggplant, I suggest you sauté and place in those hospitable concavities any permutation of acceptable ingredients. A partial list of acceptable ingredients reads:

- cooked rice
- tomatoes
- green and red peppers
- onions
- celery
- mushrooms
- water chestnuts
- shrimp
- ground beef or lamb
- walnuts
- pine nuts
- almonds
- pineapple
- parsley
- salt and pepper
- oregano
- basil
- rosemary
- curry
- garlic
- melted cheese on top

Now add your favorite items to the list, experiment using different combinations, and bake at 325 for an hour or so. I'm aware that this sort of free-form inductive cookery is likely to produce a few culinary tragedies, but you will learn which ingredients fight against each other and which couple gracefully. You may learn something about the dialectic of taste, the tension of disparate, competing flavors, the comments that one food makes behind the back of another. But most of all, you will learn a lesson from the generosity of the stuffed eggplant itself. Much maligned, often reclusive, the eggplant never refuses to open itself up for others.

Reprinted from B.A.D.

human medicine: Plantain, Blood Poisoning, Boils, Puffballs, & Bleeding

I began writing this column last year. I wrote two columns, and then got bogged down in doing research on aspirin, for the third column. But one medical journal led to another, and before I knew it, about three months had passed in pure research. I was just beginning to gather in all my notes and write my aspirin article, when our baby got born. . . and then came the summer, and a trip across the country. . . then we came back to Seattle and had to find a new home to live in....

So the aspirin article is still forthcoming, but meanwhile, I've decided to be informal and just talk about what I already do know, i.e., the experiences of myself, friends, and family. And, as I've said before, probably every other column will be for letters from you folks.

The following is a letter that was sent to Human Medicine way back in January of 1972 *Dear Passage*:

I have been in Canada now for almost four years after leaving the National Guard in L.A. and enjoy your paper a whole bunch.

My wife, Sue, and I live on the west coast of Vancouver Island, British Columbia. In our almost two years together we've amassed a great deal of knowledge about how to live semi-isolated from "civilization." We always keep our eyes and ears tuned for new medical cures and things to eat from nature. These are some of the things we have learned.

BLOOD POISONING

The first summer we were in the woods I guess all of our city living started pouring out of us in the form of infections. I got blood poisoning from a mosquito bite. In case some of your readers don't know how to identify blood poisoning, you get a thin red streak running from the sore up toward the heart. In the arm you get a soreness in the armpit. In the leg, soreness in the groin. I went to the field hospital when I found I had blood poisoning and was refused medical aid by the "fascist nurse" there. She told me to go home and soak it because she didn't think I had enough money to be started on penicillin.

So I went home and used a cure the Indians had told us about. They told us to use the wild plant by the name of plantain. This is a small broad-leafed plant, green in color, with high ribs on underside of leaf. Grows in dry areas best, and can be found in almost any kind of terrain. Use one leaf as a base on the sore, bite small holes in it, place on infection, chew several leaves, until you have a poultice, wrap with clean bandage and keep it wet.

I did all of the above and in two days my blood poisoning was gone.

BOILS

My wife had boils and we could not find anything to take away the swelling. Plantain worked again to reduce the swelling until we could see a doctor. The doctor gave us Neosporin,

BROAD-LEAVED

PLANTAIN



which is one of the best medicines we have found. We use it for cold sores, burns, cuts, boils and all types of infections.

DIARRHEA & DYSENTERY

For diarrhea and dysentery brown some flour (white or wholewheat?) in a frying pan and mix it with milk or water (water's best if you can stand it). This can also be used for sheep and goats.

FEVER

The Indians say to break a fever, boil a fish head, and drink the broth. It works they say. We have not had to try that yet.

EAR ACHE

Eucalyptus oil is a prized item in our medicine box. For ear ache, one drop of Eucalyptus oil will do, pack with cotton. For wax impactment Eucalyptus oil will do, one drop is enough.

BLEEDING

My grandfather told me that those little puff balls you find in the woods that have blackpowder in them are good for stopping bleeding. I also found this in a book we have, called BUCKSKIN COOKERY. Puff ball dust is good for nose bleed also.

That's about all we can pass along now. Hope you can use what we know.

*Love, peace & joy,
Wayne & Sue Padgett*

Note: I have a friend who died of blood poisoning in New Mexico, so if you have it and if you have the choice,

don't fool around: use antibiotics if you can. But in a situation like this one, it's certainly desirable to know of an alternative.

The very best thing I've found for boils - and it's worked under various circumstances - is hot milk and bread (probably white bread is best, because it's more like a sponge). You dip a piece of bread, the size of the boil or larger into milk that's as hot as you can stand, and then apply to the boil. Wrap a clean bandage around the whole thing and leave it overnight. By morning the boil will probably be gone, but if not you may want to repeat the treatment for one more night.

The day after I received this letter a nice elderly lady happened to tell me about the exact same treatment for diarrhea. She uses white flour, which makes sense. I believe it was Aristotle who prescribed white bread for his patients with diarrhea because it takes so long to pass through the body, and it absorbs poisons as it goes.

She uses 1/4 cup white flour, and browns it very slowly in a heavy bottom skillet, until very dark brown. Then she takes one heaping tablespoon and adds one cup of warm water to it, a little butter, and some salt. Drink the whole cup, and repeat every two hours.

(1) To order BUCKSKIN COOKERY, a pioneer cook book and old remedies, write to Ms. Gwen Lewis, Box 665, Quesnel, British Columbia, Canada. Price \$1.00. It's worth it!

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Free - a Chinese gander - plus a seal point siamese female age? - interesting personality and potty trained. Funky metal kitchen chairs while they last. Old harness for horses. Paper kites, 4 of them. Curtains and baby clothes size under 18 months. Free game chickens - about a dozen or more. (You've got to trick 'em into comin' with you!) 384-5533, PO Box 137, So. Bell. Sta.

Notes from Prisoners

If there are any girls from the age of 18 to 7, who would like to visit a lonely prisoner, Please write to Chuck Carrell - 625455 - Box 777, Monroe, Wash. 98272. If possible send photo. I need help finding a job, schooling, a place to stay and friendship for when I'm released from here. Write Please!!?

Dear Prisoners,

We do not like to get letters from you asking for "chicks" to write. We change "chicks" to "women". Please do us a favor and rid your vocabulary of this sexist term. After all, would you like to be called a "cock"?

I'm a thirty (30) year old Aries type dude that is and has been held against his will for a silly old drug bust here in the London Correctional Institution in London, Ohio for the past 2 1/2 years. I'm to be released this coming summer and would like to pre-orientate my head and life style by some correspondence from women that want to take that 'BIG DARE' in their life - smile - by writing to me... I really love and enjoy life and dig women that do the same. Please be yourself in your letters. I'll answer all letters.

Waiting to hear from you, Harry B. Shreve No. 132-784, London, Ohio 43140.

For Sale or Trade

For Sale: 43' Cabin Cruiser, Lake Design hull, '39 Chrysler "straight 8" for power, 200 gallon gas tank -- this boat is okay and needs a new home for \$2,000. Write Jack Fee, 3025 Dike Road, Woodland, Wn. 98674 or call 225-4438.

Madame Elna, personal advice. Send \$5 & stamped envelope to Rt. 1, Box 137, Blaine, Wn 98230. Strictly Legit!

Wanted: Axe, Maul, and or wedges. Will pay. Roxanne 734-5332 after 6 pm.

Anybody know where we can get a horse drawn wagon for a Christmas Eve Community Caroling Hay Ride (with or without the horses?) If you do contact Bear, Anne or Coney at 1713 - 4th St.

I will trade a 10 speed boys bike for a 3,5 or 10 speed girls bike. It's old but works good. For sale: large upright freezer for \$25. Needs small work, inquire at 1713 - 4th. Ask for Maryanne.

Need a cheapo car that is reliable - appearance not important. Should have all parts for driver's test. Under \$200 - in installment payments.

For sale: Floor jack \$20 - good condition. Front and back windshield, top and sliding windows for foreign car. Will trade for most things. Bumpers also! Cheap! 384-5533, PO Box 137 So. Bell. Sta., Bell., Wn 98225.

It's fun! It's easy! Make money at home in your spare time! (Or to be more precise, make crafty goodies and bring them to us for consignment resale.) Hyde Leather Co., 1226 State St. Consignment resalers since 1971.

TIME running out for making gifts? Give what the Earth made. Thundereggs, petrified wood, geodes, shells, coral, fossil fish, eucalyptus, pampas grass, desert spoons. Honeycomb, 1000 Harris, 11-5 Tues - Sat.

Men's 26" 10 spd. \$65 - 2523 Utter St., eves.

Suzu needs a good place to stay just now and for cheap! I can buy the feed. She is a good horse. Please write Robert Finley, 442 Central Bldg., Seattle, Wa.

The Passage still needs a stepladder and some various file cabinets. Call us and let us know if you've got them.

For sale or trade - Antique dresses in good condition for skinny and not so skinny. From six to twelvedollars--good for playing out fantasies in! Will trade for straight clothes. 384-5533.

I would like to get a 24 or 25 inch bicycle frame (5 or 10 speed). I cannot pay very much, but we may be able to work a good exchange. You get the pleasure of seeing it up to service again. Ken Rasmussen. 1900 34th St.

SPINNING & DYEING NECESSITIES

Wheels, spindles, carders, fleece, silk, natural dyes, mordants. SEEDS for dye plants - GROW YOUR OWN. Our catalog-8c stamp. STRAW INTO GOLD, PO Box 2904-N, Oaklnd, Calif. 94618.

For sale: dry alder - \$15 a cord or trade-for? 384-5533.

For sale: Skis (200), poles, and Raichle Boots. Skis have soloman bindings. Everything 30. Jeff, 808 - 25th St.

You can do us a big favor if you will mention the Passage when you go and visit our advertisers cause all of businesses don't think advertising in our paper does any good. Prove them wrong and make sure you tell them you SAW IT IN THE PASSAGE. Please?

XEILS - your smile is german poetry, shine on, smile on...

NW Free U

We're getting the Free U ready for winter qtr., so if you have anything you would like to teach, call Jenny 734-6001.

RALPH who made candles and lived with Bill Chivers in Alderwood Manor - where and how are you? Remember Julie? Now at 16831 36th W., Lynnwood.

NORTHWEST PASS needs an ambitious, (we'll take what we can get), distribution manager. No experience necessary, we will train. Fringe benefits, no salary. Capitalists need not apply.

Driving to Minnesota or nearby for Christmas? Will share driving and expenses. Ready to leave anytime soon. Neil Ray, 1900 25th St. B'ham. Call 676-8616 and leave message.

Beginning and harder astrology classes by Sharma winter quarter at the Experimental College, U of W, lots of other classes too. Sign up early.

Anybody knowing where CALM is located, please write David a letter at Box 117 S. Station, B'ham. WE are receiving the mail and don't know what to do with it. PS-CALM-Cit.Assoc. to Legalize Marijuana.

I need a place to park my trailer!! (15 foot) Anyplace close to electricity but preferably away from city. Anything will help. Also have good pick-up available for use if a need arises. Contact John or leave message at 676-8528.

Community Notes

The Passage is taking a weeks vacation for (from) Christmas. The next issue, on work, will be printed Jan. 8th.

Seattle People: Can you spare one day a month to distribute the Passage in Seattle? Takes 5 hours only. Must have a car--we'll pay the gas, etc. We'll deliver the papers to your door Monday night - you distribute Tuesday. We need two people for alternate issues. Free lunch at Mother Moran's. Write: Distribution Manager, Northwest Passage, Box 105, So. Bellingham Sta., B'ham, Wn. 98225 Thanks.

PASSAGE MEETING

The Dec 19th meeting will be held at Bill Mitchell's house on Gooseberry Point. Cars will leave from the Passage office shortly after 7:30. Come and bring your ideas for future issues. The Dec. 26th meeting has been cancelled. The Jan 2nd meeting will be held at the Passage office as usual.

December 20 is the 12th birthday of the National Liberation Front.

MUCKRAKING: The Passage is planning on some research into the medical scene around B'ham. You can help us by writing experiences you have had with various doctors around town - who is good/ who not so good. Your name would not be included, but you might give your number we can ask you more questions if we need to. Most of all, we'd like to do a reference list of good doctors, esp. for women. Write to MEDICAL SURVEY, c/o Kirie Pedersen, Northwest Passage.

Ask to see a lettuce crate at the grocer's of your choice. Do it today.

The Passage is planning a RUMMAGE SALE. Your junk is needed-- Clothes, books, records, kitchen stuff, small furniture and appliances.

The sale will be held as soon as there's so much stuff that it'll be the rummage sale to end all sales.

Collect stuff from everyone you know and bring it all to the Passage office, 1000 Harris, 2nd floor, or call 734-1226 for pick up.

Beginning in winter, hopefully we will meet once each week or two to share our findings and questions on sex roles, masculinity-femininity, effects these books have on children, whatever. There ought to be lots of lively conversation and learning in this study. Our goal will be to get these findings out but we can work from there if interest and involvement continue. Come with alacrity to our first meeting at Elyse Swift's house, 901 Jersey, Thursday night at 8 pm. Call if you have any questions, 734-3681.

MOJO MUSIC: Much to our dismay, we misplaced your ad, Sorry. But here's a free one: Mojo Music is opening a shop above Tony's Tea and Spice Shop at 11th and Harris. Mojo deals in stringed instruments, gives lessons, and perhaps even sells new and/or used instruments. Stop in and find out.

SEXISM IN CHILDREN'S LITERATURE--A study group is being formed. We hope to compile a list of sexist or non-sexist books for distribution to parents, teachers, librarians, etc. First we will need to find the lists of books already detected to be sexist or non-sexist, then we will go through and read these books to come up with our own findings.

SEVERAL LOVELY, SWEET, GOOD-TEMPERED, HOUSE TRAINED CATS need homes. All were strays lost in big city. My apartment is being over-run. Please help!!! Twelve (12) cans of highest quality cat food incldd. Also distemper shots. EA9 1060 or EA9 7493 Seattle.

65 Chevy Sports Van, Good body, seating tires, but doesn't run. \$400. Susan Bird - 2614 - 46th, 734-3723 evenings only.

For sale: 2 goats, a Nubian doe and Assnen doe, 3 yrs and 1 1/2 yrs old. Registered with 150 lbs food and water buckets and feed buckets. Altogether, or separately - \$79 for Nubian, \$69 for Assnen - or trade for a good car that runs - and will run for awhile at least, with no repairs in the near future. 384-5533.

We need a dozen chickens - any kind. Can pay. Call John, 734-5332.

Hifi Speakers. Superb quality homemade speakers only \$75 for two. Stop by and see and listen to these perfect Christmas presents at 900 25th, Bellingham.

We need a double spring and mattress and also a nice dining table or old comfortable couch. If you have any of these things you're willing to part with for minimum reimbursement or trade, leave a message at 676-8616.



Purchase one subscription for \$6 and get as many \$4.50 gift subscriptions as you like.

A Christmas Cheapo for Everybody. Send a year's subscription of the *Passage* as a gift (or to yourself - a renewal, maybe?) at the regular rate (\$6.00 U.S., \$6.75 Canadian) and send as many more subscriptions as you like at the special rate of only \$4.50 each per year (\$5.20 Canadian). Don't forget your parents and anyone else, whom the *Passage* might be good for. Use coupons below, or plain paper. Please include zip code if you know it. Offer expires December 31. (Regular subscription rates: \$6.00 per year, \$11.00 for two years, \$125.00 lifetime, free to prisoners. Add \$.75 per year Canadian, \$1.50 foreign.)

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